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September 28, 1961 25¢

MEXICO: THE MIDDLE-AGED REVOLUTION

THE REPORTER

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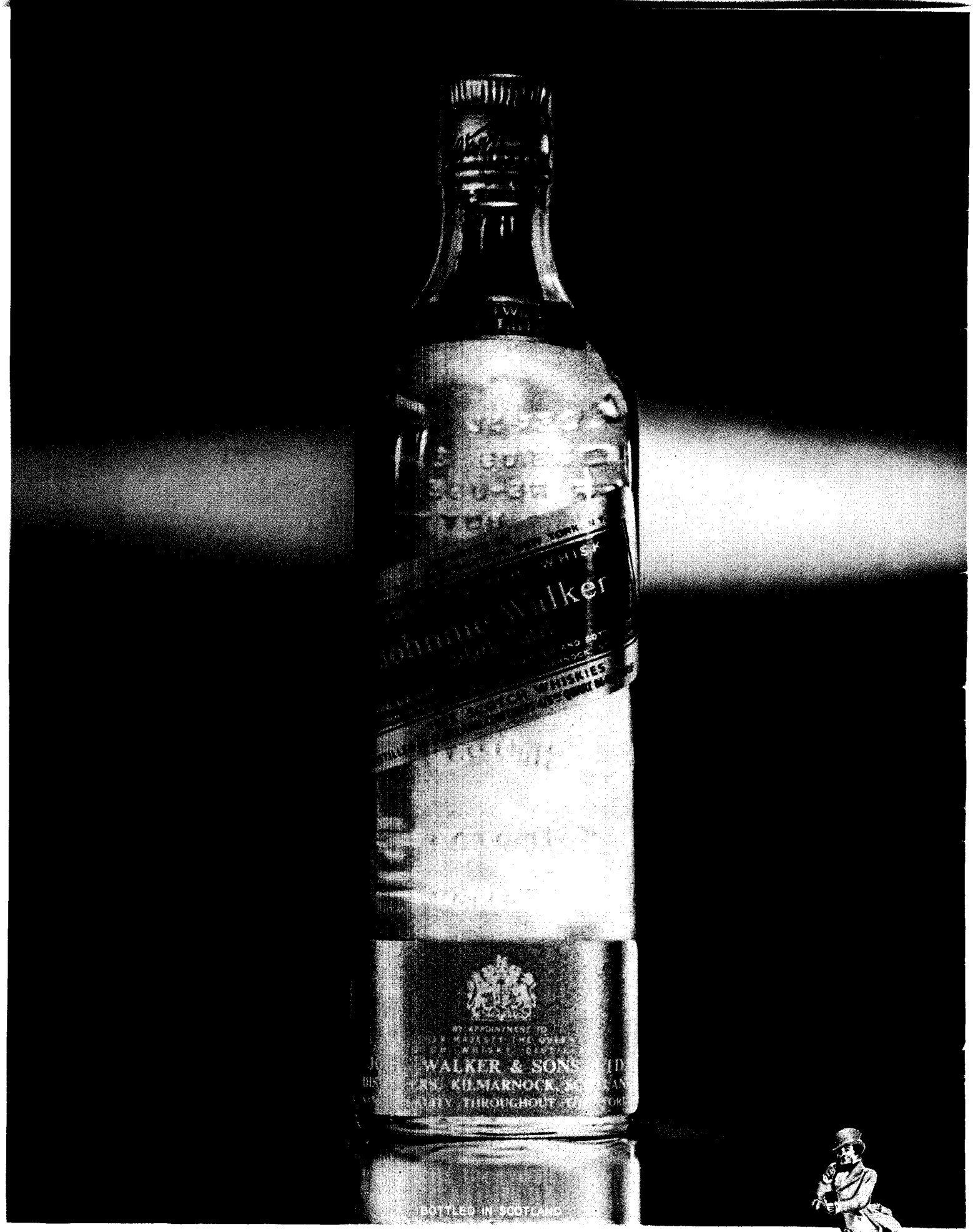

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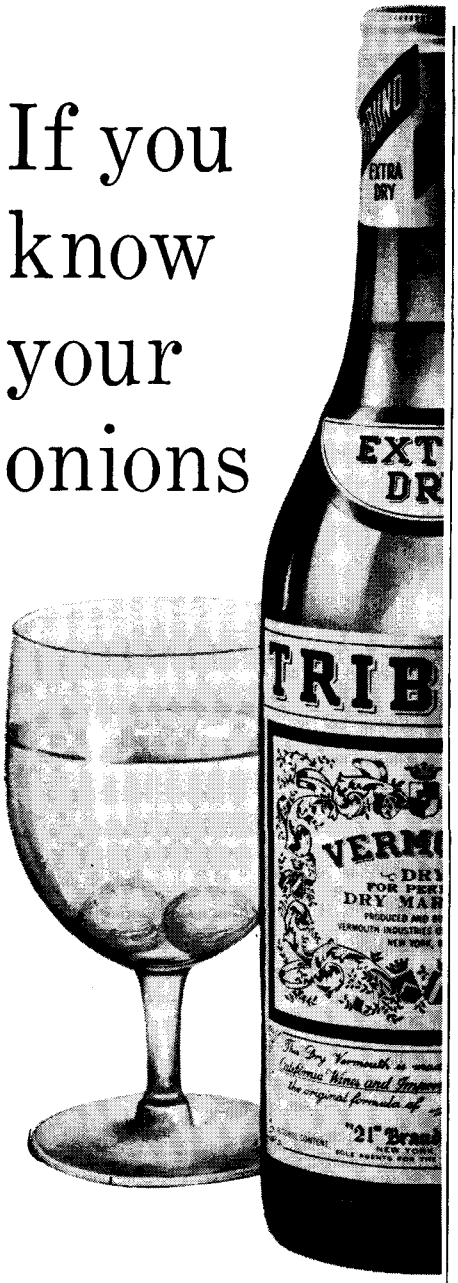

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THIS IS THE GREAT season of the neutrals, or at least of those who may be called the professional and belligerent neutrals. This leaves out, of course, the genuine, old-fashioned neutrals like Sweden and Switzerland—two nations that make a point of being genuinely nonaligned and manage quite brilliantly to be self-supporting with military strength great enough to discourage potential aggressors.

The other neutrals could certainly not be described as all of one type. But a large number of them manage to practice what they call *positive* neutrality. In Belgrade they gave the world a sample of their positiveness, which seems to be not friendly at all toward us and very congenial to the Soviet Union. They did, however, take a position of equidistance between ourselves and Russia in the sense that they urged President Kennedy and Chairman Khrushchev to get together at the earliest opportunity.

In his editorial **Max Ascoli** finds this position rather insulting. All the troubles that have recently kept the world agog come only from one side, and all that is needed to relieve the world of the present anguished feeling of danger is for Khrushchev to stop his threats and his blasts. In Max Ascoli's opinion our government has been too lenient with these go-betweeners, and this leniency has invited a number of statesmen who belong to our coalition to get into the act of East-West appeasement. An unfortunate example has been that of Premier Fanfani of Italy, whose major fault perhaps has been that of going to Moscow at all. For what? Now Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium is going there too, and we are keeping our fingers crossed.

George Bailey, our Central European correspondent, left beleaguered Berlin, where he usually works, and went to Belgrade to observe the neutrals' conference. Mr. Bailey, an old hand in Yugoslavian politics, found that Marshal Tito had gone too far for his own good in playing the role of recruiting sergeant for the Communist-oriented bloc. Mr. Nehru, by comparison, acted and talked much more in a spirit of true neutrality. . . . Another member of our staff, **Claire Sterling,** went to Tunis to get an idea of the messy situation there after the bloody fighting of July 19. The position of Habib Bourguiba could not exactly be called enviable, and his troubles are probably multiplied by his ambition.

WITH THE Congressional session coming to a close, our Washington editor, **Douglass Cater,** has tried to see what we can learn from it. Rather than attempt the usual wholesale evaluation of the successes and failures the Kennedy administration has encountered, he focused his attention on why the education bill failed. The causes, in his opinion, have to do not only with the passions that have been unleashed by that most controversial bill but also with the crisis that the House of Representatives is facing because of the reapportionment of its seats. And as if this were not enough, there is also the prospect that the Democratic leader of the House, Mr. Sam, who is now ailing, may have to be replaced by a younger man. . . . When Adam Clayton Powell became chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee last January, his record had not been one to inspire any great confidence from the point of view of consistency. It was not long, however, before he began to demonstrate a skill in—of all things—compromise that confounded his critics and delighted the administration. As **Paul Duke** shows, however, it is perhaps too early to celebrate the emergence of a "new" Adam Clayton Powell. Mr. Duke is with the Washington Bureau of the *Wall Street Journal*. . . . **Gladys Delmas,** an American writer who lives in South America, discusses the fifty-year-old revolution of our nearest neighbor to the South. . . . **Barbara Carter,** a member of our staff, has been to Montgomery, Alabama, to talk with the Reverend Ralph D. Abernathy. . . . **Richard Mathews,** who is now studying abroad on a Fulbright scholarship, was one of the first westerners to travel among the Angola rebels.

Edward T. Chase is a consultant to several public-service industries. . . . **Frederick Gutheim** is president of the Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies. . . . **Nat Hentoff's** book *The Jazz Life* was published by Dial. . . . **Gore Vidal** reviews Carson McCullers' new novel. . . . **Hilton Kramer** has written the introduction to a book devoted to the paintings of Milton Avery from 1930 to 1960, which will be published by Yoseloff in October. . . . **Alfred Kazin** has recently edited a collection of essays for college use, *The Open Form: Essays for Our Time* (Harcourt, Brace).

Our cover is by **Mozelle Thompson.**

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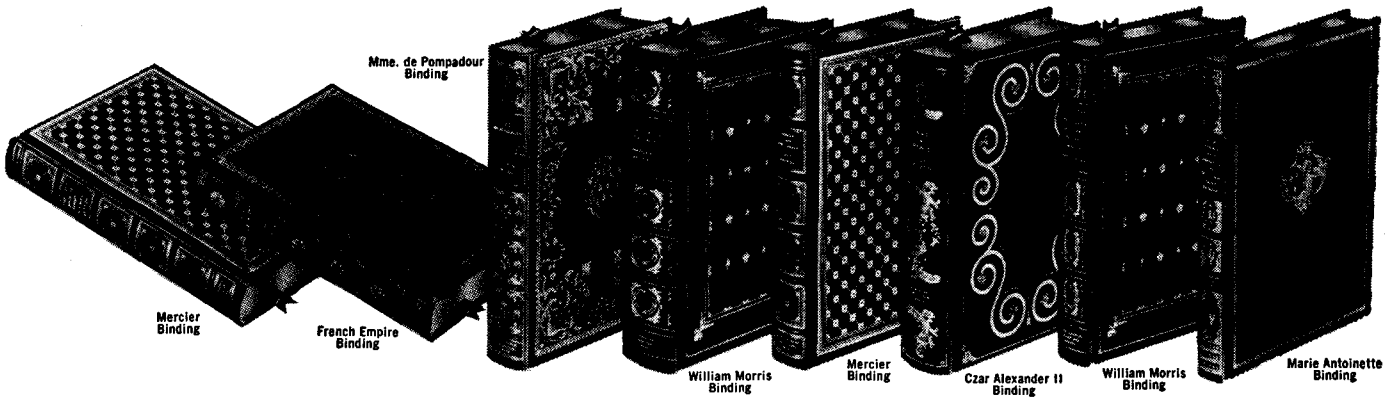

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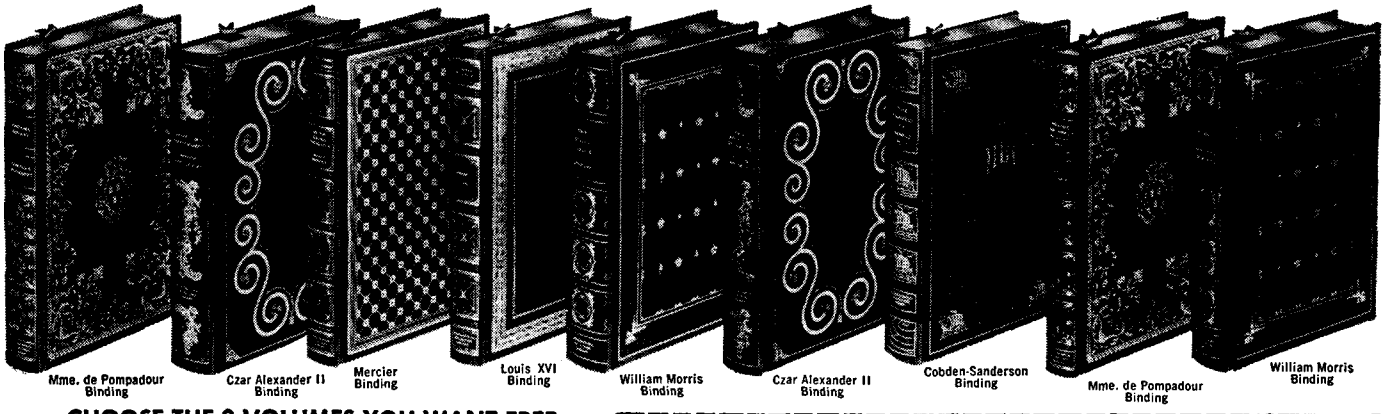

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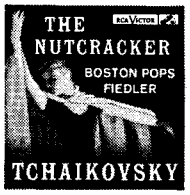

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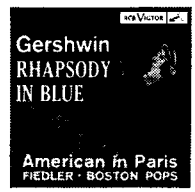

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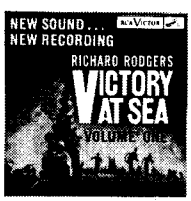

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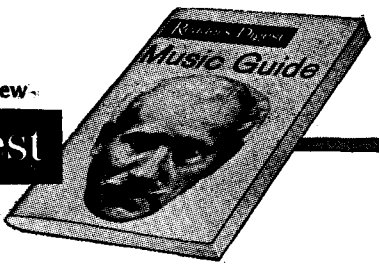

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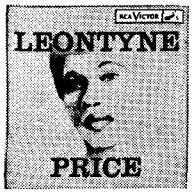

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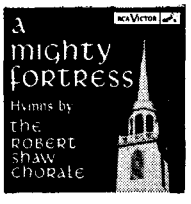

294. Now the Day is Over, Fairest Lord Jesus, O Worship the King, others.

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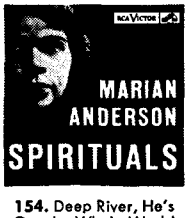

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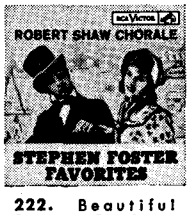
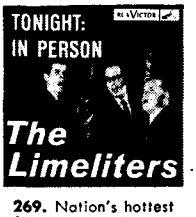


222. Beautiful Dreamer, Oh! Susanna, Camptown Races, ten other immortals.



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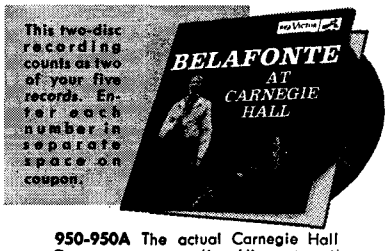
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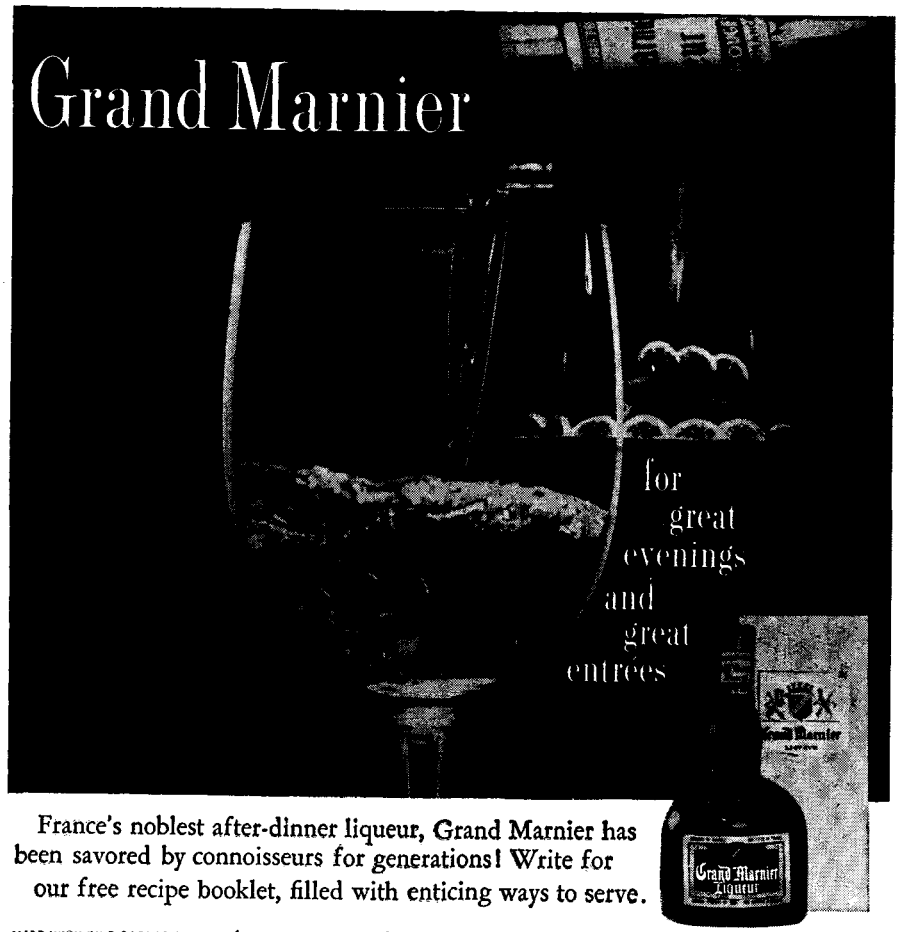

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SCIENCE

To the Editor: David Bergamini ("Government by Computers?," *The Reporter*, August 17) has certainly covered the field of computer uses, and I think his views are worthwhile. In particular, I agree with his concluding statement to the effect that machines will not become the masters of man. I believe that such devices as electronic computers provide a means through which the drudgery of work can be removed and man can have more time for thinking and mastering his own destiny.

ARTHUR K. WATSON, President
I.B.M. World Trade Corporation
New York

To the Editor: Mr. Bergamini condemns what he terms a good deal of silence from industrial and government computer men about the Utopian possibilities of computers. He attributes this silence in part to a mistrust of "the quick hysteria and deep ignorance about all things automatic" that is exhibited by "liberally educated journalists, politicians, and labor leaders." He concludes that, whoever might be at fault, the subject needs airing.

Unfortunately, he has taken himself quite literally and in at least two instances has contributed air rather than facts to the discussion. First, it is not a fact that a group under me at this university "has developed a technique of mathematical analysis that will enable machines to translate any human or machine language into any other."

A much more serious lapse from the factual is the statement that the STRETCH computer at Los Alamos enabled the United States to carry out nuclear tests throughout the latter part of the test suspension without actually detonating any bombs. To the best of my knowledge, STRETCH did not go into operation at Los Alamos until a month or two ago, a span of time hardly commensurate with "the latter part of the test suspension," and in any case, no work of the type described has been carried out on this machine at all. In this light, the statement that "unless the Russians have been testing in secret, STRETCH has enabled the United States to maintain its position in the development of nuclear armaments without cheating during the voluntary suspension of nuclear testing" is highly irresponsible.

ANTHONY G. OETTINGER
Associate Professor of Applied Mathematics and of Linguistics
Computation Laboratory
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Mr. Bergamini replies:
On the question of translation by machines, I understood from Professor

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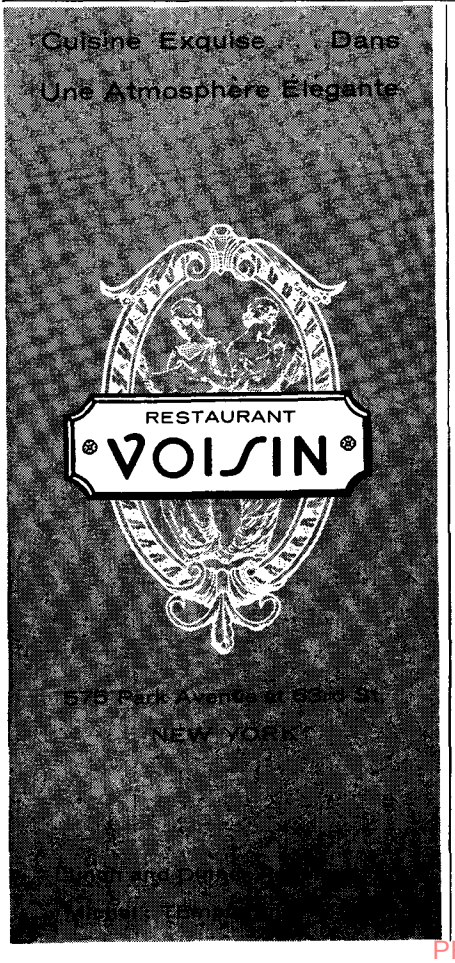

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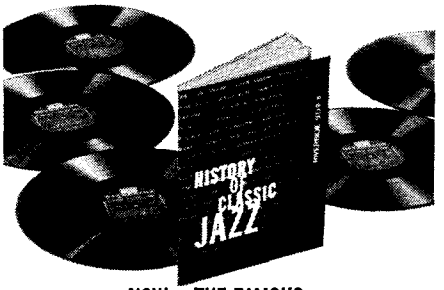

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Oettinger a year ago that "predictive analysis" would work on all "nested" languages and that all languages appeared to be nested. He indicated optimism at that time that analysis could eventually be used to enable machines to translate from any language to any other language.

As to the use of STRETCH, it is true that it has been operating for a very short time. But whether or not STRETCH has actually been used to simulate weapons testing, the IBM 7090 was used for such simulations before STRETCH was built; and before the IBM 7090, various other computers had been so employed for several years with increasing degrees of refinement.

ART

To the Editor: The rhetoric of André Malraux is undeniably persuasive. For something like a decade the catch phrase "the museum without walls," with its implications of easy, limitless access to the secrets of all art, has so beguiled critics and reviewers that nobody seems to have taken it into his head to question the validity of the concept. Still, it is discouraging to find as original and perceptive a writer as George Steiner blowing M. Malraux's sonorous horn at this late date.

At the outset of his review of *Sumer, The Dawn of Art* (*The Reporter*, August 17), Mr. Steiner notes: "In early art a statue is not primarily a representation. It is a reality, often mysterious and terrifying . . . It is not an imitation of a demon or a lion, but the demon and beast itself." The statue of a god, Mr. Steiner goes on to say, "is worshiped not as a symbol but as the actual divine presence." Some paragraphs later Mr. Steiner reveals his own authentically Sumerian attitude when he tells us "the camera and modern techniques of color reproduction have brought even the most remote and esoteric art forms within the compass of ordinary men." For Mr. Steiner, as for M. Malraux, there is an almost primitive confusion of reality (the original work of art) and representation (the photographic reproduction); and both seem all too ready to worship the latter not as a symbol but as the actual divine presence. The obvious fact, though, is that the camera and color reproduction are incapable of bringing even the most familiar and understandable art forms within anyone's compass in any meaningful sense.

A work of visual art must be *seen* to fall within the compass of any man, ordinary or extraordinary—just as a work of culinary art must be tasted to be appreciated. No matter how sophisticated the techniques of color reproduction may become (and they still have a long way to go), we are not seeing the work of art itself when we view a color plate of a painting or statue.

The photographic reproduction has its functions and isn't to be despised;

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"Mother Courage," the Berliner Ensemble production—see *Seven Plays by Bertolt Brecht* below.

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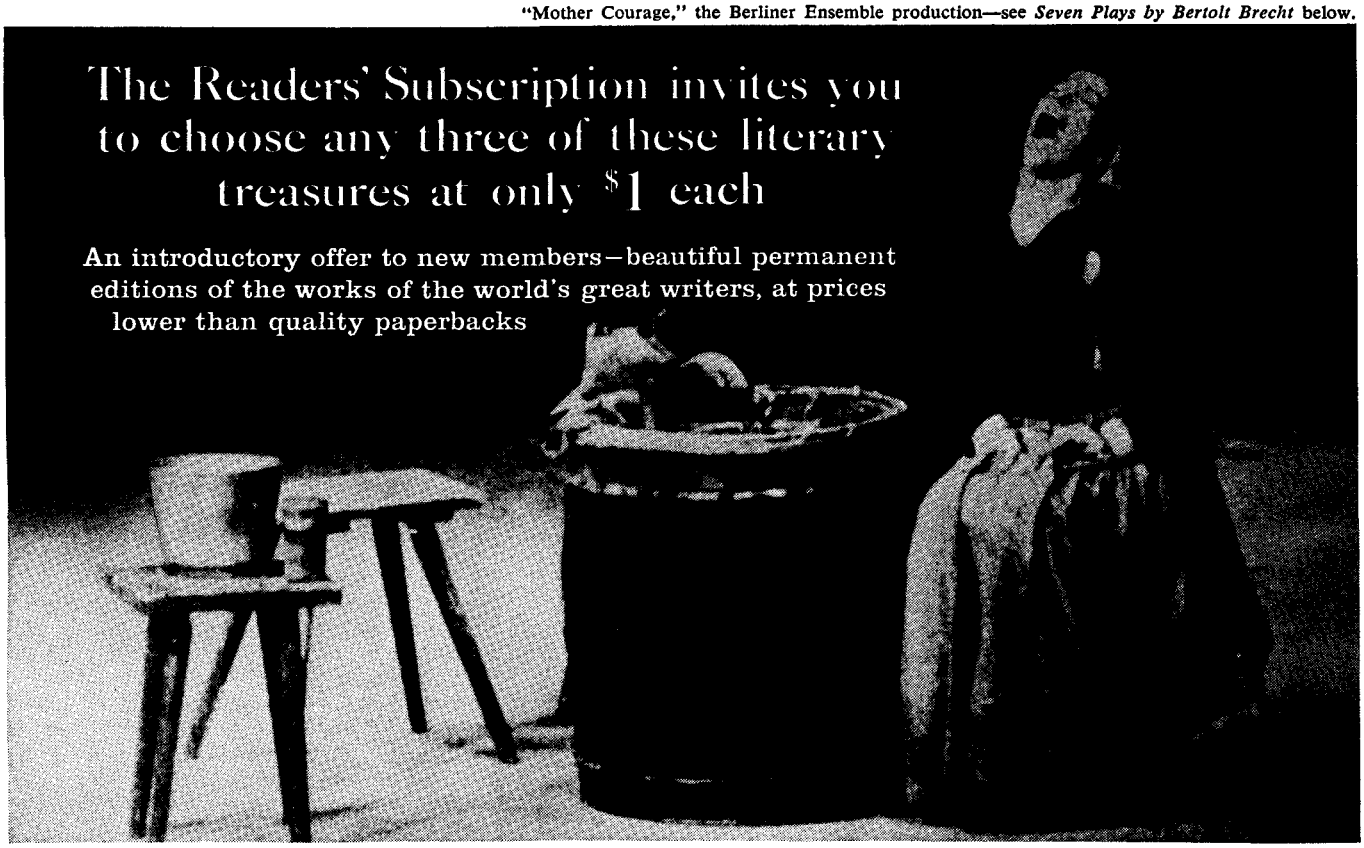

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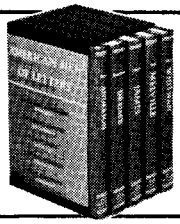

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What Is Capital Reading?

See page 51

but when a second-story man goes to all the trouble of breaking into a heavily guarded museum to make off with a job lot of Cézanne originals, he is displaying a much firmer grasp of the essential difference between reality and symbol than either Mr. Steiner or M. Malraux seems to possess.

JAY JACOBS
Croix St.-Hippolyte
par Raphele-les-Arles
Bouches du Rhône
France

LAW

To the Editor: Anthony Lewis ("A New Lineup on the Supreme Court," *The Reporter*, August 17) provides valuable insight into one of the great problems of our day. The decisions discussed in the article relate to the extent to which a citizen has the right to advocate or participate in the violent overthrow of the United States government vs. the right of the government to defend itself against violent overthrow.

If a case involved the right of an individual to advocate nonviolent change of his government, the Court would line up nine to zero.

As for me, I'm with Justice Harlan, who says that the government must have moderate rights of self-defense against a world-wide conspiracy.

LYMAN K. PETERSON
Long Beach, California

To the Editor: An excellent analysis of the current division in the Supreme Court is marred by a concluding plea that the Justices embark upon "an unemotional, unabusive, unpolarized, lawyerlike course through the terrible tests of governmental power and individual rights that now confront them." The existence and articulation of competing ideas serve as living proof of the open society. The reflection of these divisions in our national governmental institutions serves to remind us that the democratic process has not atrophied. The insidious fable that Supreme Court Justices are, or ought to be, divorced from societal divisions is, on the one hand, an insult to intelligence, and, on the other, at odds with the democratic spirit of our institutions.

LAWRENCE PARKUS
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

To the Editor: It seems to me that the "argument about the alleged change of direction in the Supreme Court's attitudes on the question of political freedom," as reviewed by Anthony Lewis, should be clarified by examining the argument in the light of the theory suggested by Thurman Arnold, that courts are devices for the dramatic celebration of the truth of two conflicting ideas in both of which the public believes.

WILLIAM H. C. NEWBERRY
West Haven, Connecticut

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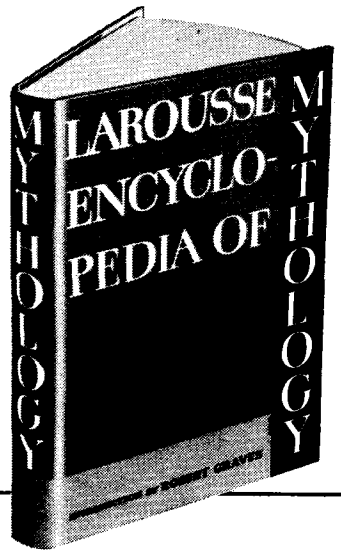

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The Brazilian Enigma

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One such event, we think, was the resignation, on August 25, of Jânio Quadros from the presidency of the Brazilian Republic—an utterly unexpected act that plunged the country into a turmoil from which somehow it emerged, on September 7, when Vice-President João Goulart was inaugurated as president.

Quadros had been elected with the largest plurality in any Brazilian presidential election. He had run on a platform that promised the people —all of the people, high and low— only hardships and sacrifices. The cost of living would go much higher and the average level of income would remain the same but the currency would be stabilized. No sooner had Quadros come to power than he lived up to all his promises. The people knew Quadros would do it; indeed, they had elected him because they wanted to have their house put in order. They wanted to have it cleaned, and the broom that had been Quadros' symbol during his campaign went to work with savage fury. Government workers had to do what their contracts of employment exacted of them, or else they had to go. A lot of them quit. Quadros seemed to be omnipresent, to know about everyone who was loafing or overfond of imported luxury items or an expert at cutting corners.

He certainly knew how the poor people live, for he was born one of them. His ascetic dedication to the people—the plain people whom, as Lincoln put it, God must love for he made so many of them—was thoroughly Lincolnesque. In fact, he worshiped the memory of Abraham Lincoln and, as far as it is possible to know, did not care much for any other North American, dead or alive.

He was a sort of Herbert Hoover in domestic economic affairs, and a Henry Wallace (1948 model) in international politics. The great majority of the people of Brazil found this strange blend entirely to their liking. The cruzeiro, that currency which for too many years had seemed to be made of the most inflatable rubber, started into a hard, highly respected medium of exchange. Of course Quadros had enemies, both at home and abroad. But he had asked for them, and he was popular just because of the enemies he had made.

During the last weeks before he resigned, he seemed to many to be overacting, too fussy about the pettiest details of housekeeping, somehow incapable of distinguishing between what is essential to the exercise of presidential power and what is trifling. He had to be in charge of everything. A few of his acts offended that ever-alert sense of humor and of proportion so characteristic of the Brazilians. The most startling of these queer things was to confer on Che Guevara the highest decoration the Brazilians can offer to a foreigner who has done great things for their country. But even the criticisms meant that Quadros, his virtues and his antics, was receiving the familiar treatment accorded to a leader in a free country.

No one, but literally no one, was in any way prepared for his resignation. The nation was stunned, incredulous at first, and then came to accept his disappearance from public life as decisively as it had accepted his program. There was no movement to call him back. His action remained a mystery, but the desire to solve that mystery has not led to any wish that he retrace his steps and start over again. Quadros is gone.

A strange man, certainly, and a

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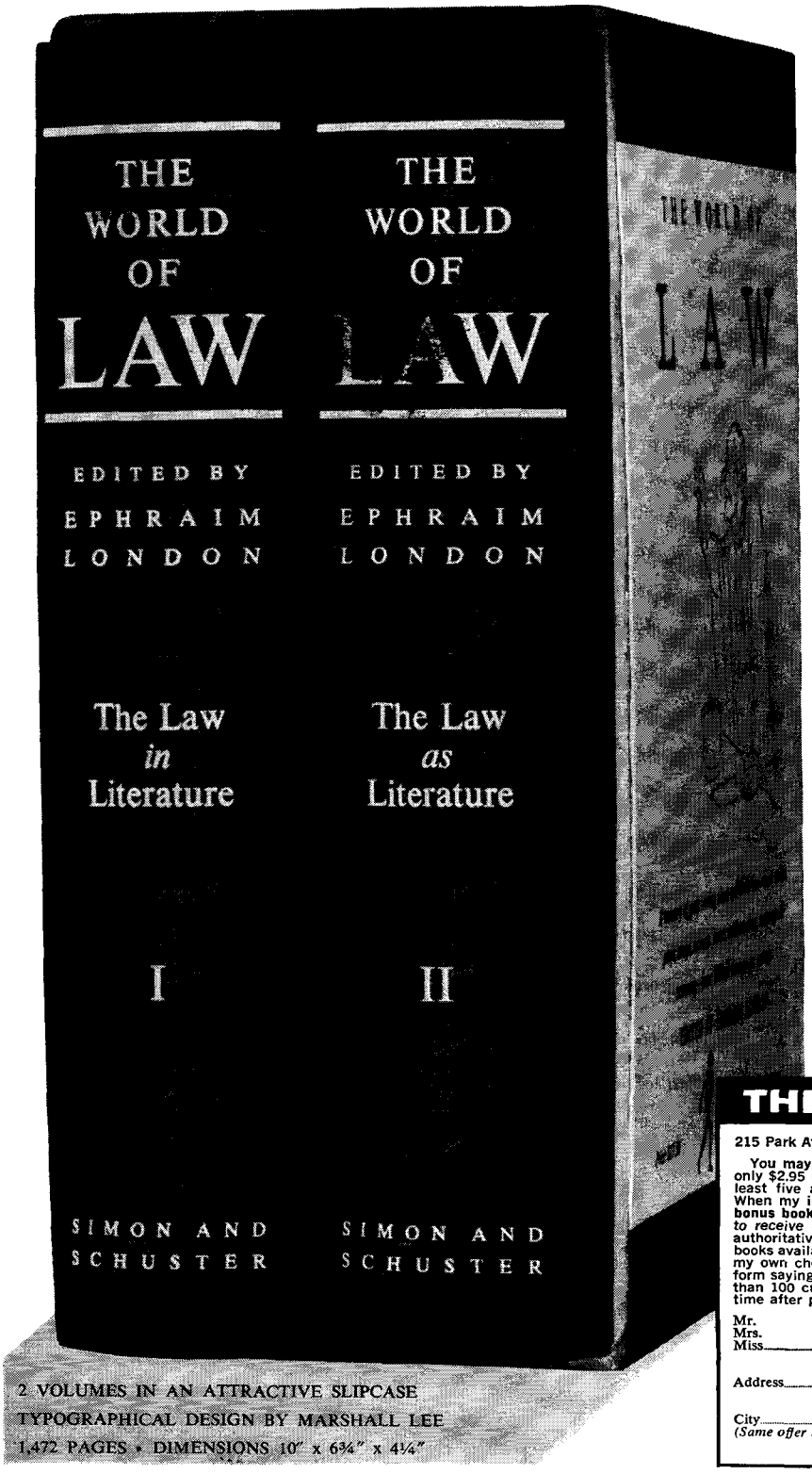

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remarkable people. The man with the Chaplinesque look on his face has given to his career the incongruous ending of some of the late Chaplin movies. Some people have talked of a nervous breakdown—an explanation we do not like to pursue, for every man in public life is entitled to his privacy when he gives up public life.

What is much less of a mystery, however, is the extraordinary character of the Brazilian nation. These Portuguese-speaking Latin Americans seem to be hell-bent on proving over and over again that they are radically different from their neighbors. Over and over again, they have flirted with a revolution but they have never had an honest-to-God one. They go to the brink of civil war, and then they stop. This time, too, they have managed to patch up a compromise and are trying to make the best they can of a national leader whose leadership they don't seem to trust. Will they succeed?

Their extraordinary self-control entitles them to the respect of all the other nations, just as Jânio Quadros is entitled to the oblivion he has wished on himself.

Strom's Minutewomen

Senator Strom Thurmond (D., South Carolina) has been deeply disturbed by reports that the Defense Department has not only been curbing military participation in partisan political gatherings that are sometimes known as "anti-Communist crusades" but also trimming the speeches of all personnel in order to keep them in line with administration policy.

Early in August the senator introduced a resolution calling for an investigation of the Defense Department, and more recently the Senate Armed Services Committee held two days of hearings on the subject with Senator Thurmond as chief questioner and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara as witness. A good part of the first day was spent getting at the vital truth about Secretary McNamara's attitude toward Communism. "Do you think the Communists want to take over the world?" the senator demanded. "I certainly do," said the Secretary of Defense. Does he think that Communist infiltration extends "throughout the far corners of the globe?" "Yes sir, I do," came the answer.

In addition to producing such revelations, Senator Thurmond had some probing questions to ask about the censorship of General Arthur G. Trudeau's speeches. Why had such lines as "Communist conspiracy directed toward absolute domination of the world" and "insidious ideology of world Communism" been deleted? Was there not a *pattern* of removing such tough talk from the remarks of Pentagon personnel? As a matter of fact, there was not, the Secretary contended, and proceeded to spend part of his afternoon furnishing examples of tough talk in the recent speeches of General Lemnitzer, Admiral Burke, Paul Nitze, and others. There was "Communist tyranny" for example, "implacable foe," and "the challenge of godless Communism," and "the insidious cancer of Communism."

Wasn't that enough for Senator Thurmond? Apparently not. Convinced that "some little civilian assistant over there in the Pentagon," as he put it, was indulging in wanton censorship to the detriment of the nation, he demanded that Secretary McNamara produce the fifteen hundred speeches that had been received since he took office along with all the deletions and the names of those who had done the specific deleting. When McNamara offered to provide a list of all those who worked on the clearance program but declined to specify who had done what, insisting that the final responsibility was his own, the senator angrily renewed his demands. He was not moved to learn that all those involved enjoyed proper security clearance, that the Pentagon officer on whom McNamara relied in such matters had been highly recommended by J. Edgar Hoover, or that McNamara had no suspicions of subversion on his staff. Why, the senator went on to inquire, were not such films as *Operation Abolition* used in troop indoctrination?

HOWEVER WELL the nation's troops may be indoctrinated, there was no question in the minds of those present about the indoctrination of Senator Thurmond's troops, a small army of housewives and dowagers

In October . . . Some Television Programs of Special Interest
(Times indicated are current N. Y. Time)

"The Life of Ernest Hemingway"
A biographical study, with dramatized excerpts from his works.
Sunday, October 1 (10-11 PM)

"The Mysterious Deep"
The sea's potential yield for mankind.
Sunday, October 1 and 8 (6-6:30 PM)

"World Series Preview"
Tuesday, October 3 (10:30-11 PM)

"Brandenburg Gate"
Drama set against the Berlin crisis.
Wednesday, October 4 (10-11 PM)

"The Spiral Staircase"
Dramatization based on the motion picture.
Wednesday, October 4 (10-11 PM)

"Sound of the Sixties"
Our way of life in the next decade. Producer, Dore Schary; with John Daly, Art Carney, Tony Randall and Andre Previn.
Monday, October 9 (10-11 PM)

"People Need People"
Original drama of conflict in a psychiatric experiment.
Tuesday, October 10 (10-11 PM)

"Feathertop"
Musical based on a story by Hawthorne.
Thursday, October 19 (8:30-9:30 PM)

"Macbeth"
Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson in a repeat presentation.
Friday, October 20 (8:30-10:30 PM)

"Merrily We Roll Along"
Groucho Marx narrates the story of America's love affair with the automobile.
Sunday, October 22 (10-11 PM)

"The Dispossessed"
The American Indian's struggle for citizenship; an original drama by Saul Levitt.
Tuesday, October 24 (10-11 PM)

"The Power and the Glory"
Laurence Olivier in a new adaptation of the novel by Graham Greene.
Sunday, October 29 (9-11 PM)

"Russian Assault on the Antarctic"
Exclusive films of the first Soviet base on the treacherous ice shelf.
Monday, October 30 (7-7:30 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.:	Contemporary Mathematics
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	The New Biology
Mondays:	Expedition!
Tuesdays:	Close-Up! [Alternate weeks]
Wednesdays:	David Brinkley's Journal
Thursdays:	CBS Reports
Fridays:	Eyewitness
	Frank McGee's Here & Now
Saturdays:	Update
	Accent
Sundays:	Camera Three
	Meet the Professor
	Washington Conversation
	Directions '62
	Adlai Stevenson Reports/ Issues and Answers
	Patterns in Music
	Wisdom
	Chet Huntley Reporting
	The Twentieth Century
	Meet the Press
	1, 2, 3—Go!
	Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

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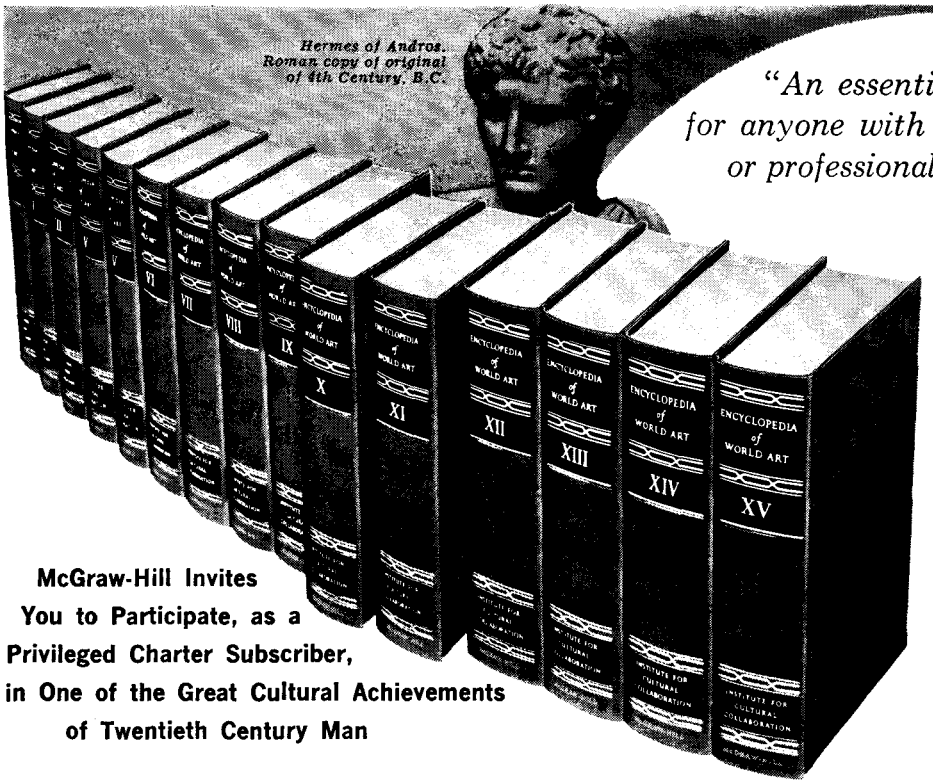

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who were very much in evidence in the public gallery wearing paper tags in support of Thurmond's investigation and General Edwin Walker's "pro-blue" program. They were such well-trained soldiers, in fact, that for the most part they declined to reveal to the press even their names, ranks, or serial numbers in whatever organization it was they represented. "I'm just a mother," one told us. "I'm just an American," said another; "our program is for Americanism. Is there something wrong with that?" As McNamara prepared to read a statement for the television cameras, she scurried around the group; "Boo when he talks," she instructed.

Some of the ladies accosted the Secretary himself as he was packing up his briefcase to leave for lunch and continued the inquiry on their own. What was wrong with *Communism on the Map?* one lady wanted to know. The Department had a better film prepared on the subject with Edward R. Murrow, McNamara replied. Had she seen it? "Edward R. Murrow, he couldn't put out a good film," said the lady. "He's a Pink." Later in the day it turned out that Senator Thurmond had seen the film in question and had the goods on it too. "I have seen the film and it refers to Communist aggression," he complained. "It does not refer to Communism. Communist aggression is all it refers to."

And so it went on for two days. During the week that the hearings took place, the Soviet Union continued testing, we announced our intention to resume limited tests, and the decisions to call up additional reserves and increase our European garrison by forty thousand men were made public.

How much time Secretary McNamara was able to devote to such matters is not clear. He had to spend at least five days preparing for his interrogation. He rose at four-thirty on the morning of the first hearing and, except for a two-hour luncheon recess, testified from ten o'clock until six, at which time he returned to the Pentagon to work. He was up the next morning at four-thirty and back on the stand at ten.

Having seen Senator Thurmond's brand of "anti-Communism" in action, we are still convinced that the enemy is to be found in the Kremlin rather than the Pentagon, and we are reassured to know that a man of Secretary McNamara's honor, practicality (and heroic politeness) is in charge of the nation's defense. We only wish he could give all of his time to the job.

THE GOOD NEIGHBOR

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Neighbor, stay away from our door,
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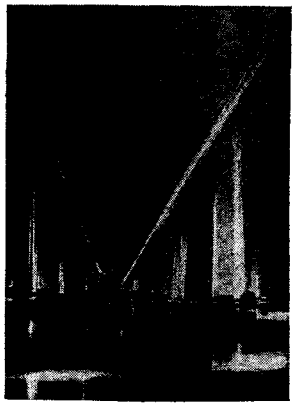
If you'd been smarter you could have had one
Too.

Neighbor, stay away from our door,
We got here first.
The shelter's ours and the water's for
Our thrist.

There's only room for the four of us,
No more.
If you'd been smart you'd have thought of it
Before.

—SEC



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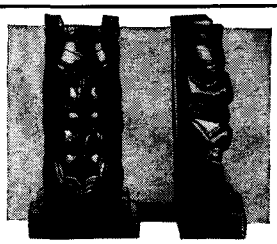

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The Fixers

HAS BELGRADE been enough for those policymakers of ours who too long have been overcommitted to the uncommitted nations? The Belgrade statesmen told us in considerable detail how we should run our foreign affairs. Their message is a slightly blurred carbon copy of the Soviet Union's ever repeated demands—from general and complete disarmament to decolonization forthwith of all the regions that do not happen to be colonized by the Communist powers. Khrushchev had advocated a third, or neutral, bloc, and something like a bloc came into being at Belgrade, although it was chastely decided there not to call it a bloc.

This should be more than enough to call a halt to the tiresome talk about the gray area. We can and must assist the peoples in this area, but not when their governments act in arrogant collusion with our enemy. We should not be color-blind, particularly when, as is the case with some of the powers present at Belgrade, grayness is made to turn into a muddy pink.

But we had it coming. There has never been any reason why, for instance, such an imperialistic neutralist as Nkrumah or such a farcical ruler as Sukarno should have been so pampered and taken so seriously. Yet it was precisely Sukarno who brought the Belgrade message to Washington, along with the intimation to our President that he had better get together with Khrushchev to fix things the Moscow-Belgrade way, and quick.

This insolence is galling, and even more galling is the assumption that the responsibility for the present state of affairs is equally divided between our government and Russia's. The meek acceptance on our part of a sort of potential equal guilt is already a beginning of surrender. It also induces in enterprising Allied statesmen the temptation to go out on their own as self-appointed brokers between East and West.

THE HEAD of an Allied government, Amintore Fanfani of Italy, has succumbed to this temptation. At the beginning of last July, somehow he got what was reported to be an invitation to Moscow. But for a time he preferred to consider the invitation a secret, not to be shared even with the Allied governments. Then he went to Moscow with his foreign minister Antonio Segni, had some talks with Khrushchev, and broke bread with him. After he left Moscow, on August 5, Fanfani's eagerness to let the Allied governments know what he had learned from Khrushchev was equaled only by the paucity of what he had learned.

Then, on August 24, the Soviet ambassador in Rome delivered to the Italian premier a message from Khrushchev. Whether there was anything important in that message is difficult to know; it was not released to the press or communicated to the Italian foreign office. Later, what was called the "contents" of the message—but not the text—was communicated to Kennedy and Macmillan. Subsequently a statement appeared in the Italian press, asserting that Fanfani had transmitted the "contents" of Khrushchev's letter to the Allies, that the letter was "very long and particularly important." No details were added, aside from the comment that the message from Moscow "confirms the correctness of Fanfani's and Segni's evaluation of their talks with Khrushchev in Moscow," and "confirms that the suggestions made by our government to the Allies, August 5 and 9, were well founded. . . . If such suggestions had been accepted when given, the deplored events that occurred in Berlin would probably have been avoided."

Fanfani had acquired the habit of retroactively foreseeing Khrushchev's actions after they had occurred. On September 2, it was reported that there was a further message, one that nobody but Fanfani could have read, and perhaps not Fanfani either, for it is doubtful whether there was any written message. An official communiqué brought forth the earth-shaking news that Russia was waiting "without prejudice" for the Allies to set the "time and place" for talks on Berlin. Not surprisingly, the Allied heads of government, and first of all our own, have grown rather tired of the Fanfani game. It is disturbing to see the respected premier of a trusted ally acting like a confidence man.

SUCH THINGS would not happen if Allied leaders, like American journalists, were less eager to trot to the Kremlin and have the traditional long, long talk with Khrushchev. By now anybody with any sense should know it: the cordial, bouncy little man takes hours and hours to say the same things, the sum total of which is nothing. Authoritative journalists have been known to write the same trite story year after year. Or else a man who has gone to see Khrushchev can make up what he hasn't heard.

We do not need explorers of Khrushchev's mind or self-appointed go-betweeners, and when we receive with full honors—President at the airport and twenty-one-gun salutes—the insolent bearers of the insulting message from the Belgrade Conference, we extend an invitation to promoters and fixers to ply their trade.

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They Call Themselves Neutrals

GEORGE BAILEY

BELGRADE

IN WHAT has been wryly described as the first free discussion the Yugoslav parliament had seen since 1928, President-Marshal Josip Broz Tito, addressing the "neutralist summit conference" here, praised East Germany as a state of "pronounced social character in all spheres of social life" and damned West Germany as a "restored . . . typically capitalist social system, fraught and interwoven with remnants of fascist and revanchist conceptions and tendencies, which give cause for grave concern." He also said that since the time Nikita Khrushchev submitted his proposal on general disarmament to the United Nations the question had not moved one step further. And he accused the West of blocking "real" disarmament by making "a fetish" out of the question of controls.

The effect of the speech was immediate and electric. It appalled many of the delegates, surprised even Tito's friends, and prompted one of his Asian guests to characterize it as the "outpouring of an oaf." As one observer put it: "Tito has had the gall to damn out of hand the only legitimate and duly elected government in Germany and praise the most stinking political phenomenon that exists in the world today."

But the West received one important consolation prize. The Yugoslav performance at the Belgrade Conference provided answers to some long-standing questions about Yugoslav foreign policy in the last eight years.

Tito's High Hopes

The conference of nonaligned states that ran from September 1 into the small hours of September 6 in Belgrade was the culmination of several years of spadework by the Yugoslav government and the fruition of pilgrimages to Africa and Southeast Asia by Marshal Tito. The idea of the conference was conceived as a result of the plenary session of the United Nations in New York last September, when Communist leaders assembled to present a united front against the West and the neutral countries found themselves unprepared and in confusion. The idea was developed and given form by Marshal Tito during his tour of Africa last winter.

But in a larger sense the conference was the result of the direction taken by the Yugoslav government ten years ago to find a way out of its ideological isolation after the break with Stalin and its refusal to join forces with Social Democratic countries and parties of the West. A "campaign to the south" was undertaken, as one observer put it, as a way of demonstrating Marxist respectability without joining the Soviet Union and its bloc. It was more than this. It was an attempt to demonstrate Marxist legitimacy. In this connection Yugoslavia has seen its role as that of front runner, trail blazer for the sort of Communism it hoped would evolve in the Soviet Union as a result of the succession of the "liberal" Khrushchev. "Yugoslav policy," said a Belgrade official several years ago, "is what Soviet policy ought to be."

Indeed, Khrushchev has been the great hope of the Yugoslav régime

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ever since he emerged victorious from the post-Stalin power struggle and went to Canossa. When Nikita Sergeyevich stood at the Zemun airport near Belgrade in 1955 and forthrightly admitted "We made a mistake," it was the moment Yugoslav Communists had longed for. They had asserted themselves and their course, and brought the mighty Soviet Union around. Despite all the setbacks they have suffered since then, the Yugoslavs have never lost hope. Their optimism has survived even the experience of being singled out for condemnation by Khrushchev in his draft program of the Soviet Communist Party released on July 30. Indeed, the more truculent Soviet policy became, the more desperately and energetically Yugoslavs defended Khrushchev as a victim of Stalinists at home and Chinese Communists abroad. This tendency was reduced to absurdity at the Belgrade Conference. They took the Soviet decision to resume nuclear testing as proof that Khrushchev was in the clutches of Stalinists and proclaimed that only the West could save the enlightened Khrushchev, by acceding to Soviet demands.

However, the Yugoslavs' hopes in Khrushchev were not all illusory. They gained a compromise victory when the Soviet Union agreed to restore normal diplomatic relations. But there was one piece missing: relations on the government level could not be fully regularized within the Soviet bloc until Yugoslavia had also established diplomatic relations with the German Democratic Republic. And here was a situation in which it seemed that Yugoslavia could render great service to the Soviet Union and the bloc. For by using the international prestige it had acquired in its fight against Stalin, Yugoslavia's act of recognizing East Germany could be expected to work as a catalyst, inducing other countries to follow its example and consolidate the Soviet military gains in Eastern Europe. But the Yugoslavs were woefully mistaken: not one country followed when they recognized East Germany in October, 1957. They were also terribly disappointed: West Germany countered by invoking its Hallstein Act, by which it withholds diplomatic relations from countries that recognize East Germany.

From the first, Yugoslavia's association with East Germany has brought it almost nothing but trouble. The highly Stalinist régime of Walter Ulbricht has always been deeply suspicious of Titoism. Yugoslav diplomats, trade officials, and correspondents assigned to East Germany have been consistently isolated, badgered, and even manhandled. Few if any have tried to conceal their distate for the small clique of slow-witted fanatics who run the country. Worst of all, as a political entity, East Germany has been the object of the greatest demonstration of popular revulsion in European history: the flight of four and a half million East German refugees over a sixteen-year period that ended only when the régime declared martial law and sealed the borders tight. More than all other Communists, Yugoslavs have been aware of the unviability of Ulbricht's régime. This has led Yugoslav officialdom to a striking discrepancy between government policy and private political views. "It is true," said a Yugoslav official in Belgrade to me, "that our government is still in the hands of the high command of the partisan movement that fought against the Germans in the Second World War. Naturally they all have a violent hatred of Germany. Official Yugoslav policy toward Germany will not change until the partisan commanders have died out."

Recently, however, the discrepancy between official and private views has been stretched to the breaking point—especially since the Communists have sealed off East Berlin and a full-blown world crisis over Berlin and Germany has developed. Moreover, Yugoslavs attribute the Soviet decision to resume nuclear testing primarily to the German problem. Tito's dogged support of the pistol-whipping policy of the Soviet Union on Germany has thrown his own party into disarray. For the first time in my experience Yugoslav officials are taking explicit exception to the marshal's actions. "I have always been against the recognition of East Germany," said one during the conference. "The East German régime is impossible: it has catered to the worst elements of the population for support. It is rotten to the core."

A Double Standard

The failure of the conference to generate more than token indignation at the Soviet announcement of the decision to resume nuclear testing on the eve of its opening was a signal Soviet triumph and western defeat at Belgrade. True, Lebanese and Yemenite delegates were "pained" at the event; a Moroccan expressed his "serious concern." Nasser, Makarios, and Nkrumah were "shocked." The most outspoken delegate was Nehru, who stated that the world situation had become "much more dangerous" as a result of the Soviet action. But it was Tito who made the most revealing statement. He could fully understand the reasons, he said, that had led Moscow to take the step. What did surprise him was the announcement of the Soviet decision on the eve of the conference. (Significantly, this statement was omitted from published texts of Tito's speech.)

"Apart from a certain element of pique," commented one Yugoslav official, "Tito's statement merely expresses an objective Marxist point of view." This is true. The marshal's specific reference to the Soviet announcement is complemented by a later passage in which he stated, "Some [people] . . . in the West are aware of the fact that should the principle of peaceful and active coexistence be adopted in international relations, then—in peaceful competition with the socialist system—the capitalist system would not fare well." This generally Marxist and specifically Soviet tenet blurs conveniently with the anti-colonialist conviction expressed over and over again by various delegates that colonial powers will defend their interests and investments in current or former colonies by force of arms if necessary. The fitting of the Marxist formula onto the natural anti-colonial reaction is the greatest service the Yugoslav régime has made to the Communist cause. It renders the original sins of armament and even armed intervention "defensive." This is why the conference's reaction to the Soviet decision to resume nuclear testing was so weak and why, if the United States instead

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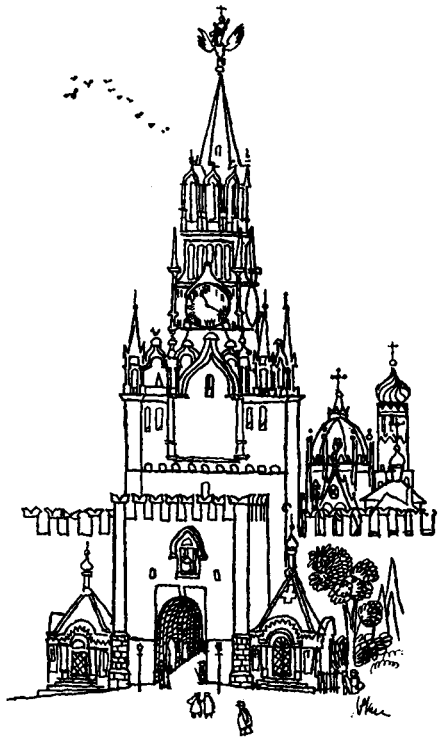
of the Soviet Union had violated the moratorium on testing, the reaction would have been incomparably more violent. "Why, they'd have torn down the American embassy," said one observer.

Another result of the same cause was the condemnation of the European Economic Community as an economic arm of western imperialism. This was specifically stated by delegates from Sudan and Guinea and hinted at by Tito, although the marshal included the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development and the Soviet Council of Economic Mutual Assistance in the same bag. The final resolution on this head, however, was watered down to a mere mention of "politics of pressure in the economic sphere, as well as harmful results which may be created by economic blocs of industrial countries."

A Bloc That's Not a Bloc

In trying to form a bloc inherently not a bloc—a grouping of neutralist, nonaligned, anti-colonial, and underdeveloped nations—Yugoslavia was obliged to deal with a welter of particularist tendencies and interests. This became evident in the involved struggle over the choice of participants in the conference. Each area group (Arabic, African, Asian, Latin American) objected to most if not all of the candidates proposed for attendance by others. A number of nations (particularly in Latin America and Europe) excluded themselves, not wishing to lend substance to the tirades of Cuba's radicals by their presence. Thus, by what amounted to a selection by a process of elimination, Yugoslavia, the United Arab Republic, and Indonesia managed to bring together twenty-five nations, all of which could subscribe with more or less enthusiasm to certain general principles. Indeed, with the single major exception of the German question, the issues tabled for discussion were cut and dried, the resolutions ultimately drafted being largely predetermined by the very composition of the conference. Insistence on admission of Communist China to the United Nations as sole representative of the Chinese people, condemnation of all foreign bases, support of the Algerian Provisional Government, the demand for immediate termination of all colonial occupation, and condemnation of racism were hardly surprises.

If the convocation of the conference was generally a triumph of Yugoslav foreign policy, the single and most costly defeat came with Tito's failure to gain nonaligned support for the Soviet position on Germany. This was the issue that revealed the widest discrepancy. The resolution meagerly states that the German question is not merely a regional problem but is



liable to exercise decisive influence on the course of future developments in international relations, and it calls upon all parties concerned not to resort to or threaten the use of force. In his speech, Tito called for recognition of two German states, and in closed sessions of the drafting committee, Yugoslavia, in concert with Cuba, sponsored a motion for *de jure* recognition of East Germany. The motion was defeated by an overwhelming majority of delegates, led by Nasser and the Arab bloc and strongly seconded by Nehru. Not even a mention of *de facto* recognition of East Germany made its way into the resolution.

Nasser's reasons for opposing the motion so sharply were various. The United Arab Republic had just received a grant in aid from West Germany of one billion marks. On the other hand, of twenty-three factories constructed in Egypt by East Germany, seventeen have proved to be of inferior quality, plagued by equipment breakdowns, with little or no hope of receiving spare parts. But it was not primarily the shadow of the Hallstein Act that prompted Nasser to oppose East German recognition. The Arabs' refusal to recognize the partition of Palestine and the State of Israel was also an important factor. This consideration found its expression in the tenth resolution, declaring support for full restoration of all rights of the Arab people in Palestine. Nasser's motion to have Israel expressly condemned as a "bridgehead of imperialism and capitalism" was opposed by Nehru and Tito and defeated.

Generally, opposition to the recognition of East Germany sprang from the allegiance to the principle of self-determination which was one of the main themes of the conference. Its application to the German question was studiously avoided by the Yugoslavs, but it was mentioned specifically by Cyrille Adoula, the Congolese premier, in his dramatic appearance on the last day of the conference.

It was Adoula, too, who most effectively stated the grounds for opposition to the Soviet "troika" proposal for the United Nations Secretariat. Adducing the Congolese experience as proof, he added: "In fact, the veto of one member of the triumvirate would have blocked any practical decision and rendered the executive of the organization totally ineffective."

With the exception of the "troika" proposal, the host of the nonaligned nations meeting in Belgrade aligned himself and his government faithfully with the foreign policy of the Soviet Union. "It is time," said a western observer when the conference was over, "for western nations that support Yugoslavia economically, and particularly the United States, to decide whether Yugoslav foreign policy is what Yugoslavs claim it to be or what this disgraceful performance indicates it to be—a useful refinement of Soviet foreign policy."

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The Magic Carpet Of Habib Bourguiba

CLAIRE STERLING

TUNIS

"I'VE NEVER had any faith in the West," Habib Bourguiba told an Egyptian reporter recently. "I've merely smiled at it so as to get support for Tunisia's independence. Not having had enough arms to win independence by force, my only alternative was to make friends with this or that nation to help extract my people from the jaws of France. . . . Like Nasser, I too am a fighter for my country and for Arabism. When two such fighters meet, an elevated moral spirit surrounds them. . . ."

This is typical of the post-Bizerte Bourguiba, who has gone so far as to embrace Nasser, whom he has always detested, in order to live down his pro-western past. It has not been an edifying performance, and he himself cannot have enjoyed it: the old Bourguiba would have flinched at the condescension with which the new one has been taken into Nasser's club. But Bourguiba has not had much of a choice.

The story of what has happened to Bourguiba, the patient, judicious, honorable man who was Africa's most exemplary statesman and the West's most devoted friend, does not begin with last July's battle in Bizerte. It goes back seven years, to the outbreak of the Algerian war. Like his next-door neighbors in Algeria, Bourguiba had his armed *fellagha* in the hills sniping at the French. But unlike the Algerians, he accepted the first promising opportunity to bring hostilities to an end. The peace settlement offered by Mendès-France in 1954 gave Tunisia only partial independence, and even that was enough to precipitate the French premier's downfall early in 1955. Nevertheless, Bourguiba managed to complete his country's liberation in short order, without further bloodshed. However truculent his language of late, a share in the Sahara's oil and the naval base at Bizerte are all that is left for him to obtain from France.

Even partial independence, when most of Africa was still under colonial rule, seemed a remarkable achievement. Bourguiba quickly attained an international stature far beyond what the size of his tiny country might warrant; and *Bourguibisme*—decolonizing without xenophobic hatred, through peaceful negotiations, with compromises, in stages—looked good to millions of Africans, including many Algerians. But the Africa of Nasser and the Algerian war of liberation are no longer what they were when *Bourguibisme* was invented.

The 'Women' of North Africa

For all the friends Bourguiba has made in Washington and Paris, he has found himself dangerously isolated in North Africa this past year. In Tunisia itself, his only serious critics, the militant young intellectuals around *Afrique Action,* are far too close to him to represent an effective opposition. But in the rest of North Africa—in what is called the Maghreb, which he has dreamed of uniting and perhaps of leading—and particularly among the Algerian rebels, the Tunisians are called the women of North Africa.

Bourguiba's relations with the Algerian rebels, always rather strained, became almost openly hostile as their war dragged on year after year. At perpetual risk to his country—the F.L.N. has been longing to draw Tunisia into the war so as to get wider international support, and French extremists would like nothing better—he has given the Algerians invaluable help: they could hardly have held out all these years without the training and rest camps, the arms-smuggling routes, and the diplomatic cover he has provided. But he is simply not cut from the same cloth as the inflexible men who, formerly behind the scenes, now officially control the F.L.N. In the war's earliest stages, some of them were still open to Bourguiba's counsel of compromise, restraint, and faith in France. But with the rise of extremists among French civilians and military men in Algeria, Bourguiba's influence swiftly declined. Time after time, he urged F.L.N. leaders to accept what looked to him like a promising peace offer, only to have them turn it down; and when he took it upon himself to accept de Gaulle's invitation to Rambouillet last February, in search of a fresh basis for peace talks, he was risking whatever was left of his prestige with the F.L.N.

To him, the Rambouillet encounter had seemed like the triumphant vindication of his policies and the climax of his career. De Gaulle, who had tended in the past to treat him like a bothersome child, received him cordially, listened courteously, and spoke frankly. Bourguiba re-

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turned from France bearing the kind of peace offer for Algeria that he himself would have been overjoyed to get for Tunisia six years before. The rebel leaders, however, shared none of Bourguiba's enthusiasm for whatever de Gaulle might have had in mind. They made it plain to the Tunisian leader that they found his meddling gratuitous, that they didn't want or need him as an interlocutor, and that while they prepared to go to the bargaining table, they were equally prepared to go on fighting another year, or two, or three, rather than end the war on any terms but their own.

It was evident to Bourguiba what such an end to the war would mean to him: he would be driven into oblivion. The independent Algeria that would emerge, after seven or more years of warfare, would be the reward of intransigence. Nowhere else in Africa—or in the world, except for China—would a band of rebels have fought so long a war, against such punishing odds, to win such total victory. With an implacable leadership and the only fighting army on the continent, the new state would dominate not only the Arab Maghreb but in all likelihood a good portion of black Africa as well. It would be the ultimate proof that *Bourguibisme* had been a total failure.

AT THIS POINT, the choice for Bourguiba was either to withdraw gracefully from the international stage or join those who were trying to push him into private life. He chose to join the intransigents. Though he hadn't much of Tunisia left to liberate, he could at least show a combative spirit in completing his country's unification by forcing the evacuation of the French base at Bizerte and a few French garrisons in the south; and while he was at it, he might also try cutting his losses by staking a claim to the Sahara before the Algerians got it all.

The control of these immense oil tracts is by far the biggest remaining obstacle to an Algerian peace settlement. While the French want to keep at least some control over the exploitation of the oil, the rebels are holding out for unqualified dominion over the whole area, and probably will get it. But the Sahara's frontiers, drawn arbitrarily by French colonial administrators, extend far to the east of northern Algeria and right under Tunisia. Since the French had never bothered to trace Tunisia's own southern frontier, Bourguiba maintains that it should now be drawn simply by extending the lines directly downward from his southernmost frontier points: Border Marker 233 on the Libyan side and Bir Romane on the Algerian side. What he would get in that case would not be merely a stretch of trackless sand: it would include Edjele, one of the two richest oil reserves yet discovered in the Algerian Sahara.

Bourguiba had hinted at this claim, on and off, since the first Saharan oil well was brought in. But he chose to raise the question again, and much more forcibly, just when the F.L.N. was reopening negotiations with France primarily on that subject. Not surprisingly, the F.L.N. regarded this as a stab in the back. By early summer, Bourguiba was hardly on speaking terms with his Algerian colleagues. The two sides stopped speaking entirely on July 17, when, in a lengthy address to the

Tunisian national assembly, Bourguiba stated that the time had come for justifying his demands on the Sahara, "bringing to reason certain elements [in the F.L.N.] . . . who, while we were suffering in French jails and fighting French colonialism, were still 'seeking an Algerian nation; and not having found it either in history or among the living or dead, decided to tie their destiny definitely to France.'" The man he was quoting was Ferhat Abbas, who became the head of the F.L.N.'s Provisional Algerian Government in 1956.

In this same speech Bourguiba formally warned France to clear out of Bizerte and the south—where French garrisons were stationed, significantly, around Border Marker 233—or be blasted out by Tunisian gunfire. Forty-eight hours later, Tunisian troops opened fire on a French helicopter, touching off a four-day battle that left nearly a thousand Tunisian dead, and the country's fourth largest city under French military occupation. The disaster was by far the worst in the history of this small and peace-loving nation. The Tunisians didn't know whom to be angriest at: at France, for treating them like an unruly colonial mob that must be disciplined; at the U.S., for reacting so icily to Bourguiba's early calls for help; or at Bourguiba himself, for making the biggest mistake of his life.

Miscalculated Risk

However bloody the French reprisal, there is no question that Bourguiba picked this fight with France, and at the worst possible moment—at the approach of the Berlin crisis, and on the day before the French-Algerian peace talks reopened at Lugrin. Even now, considering how compelling and contradictory his motives have been, it is hard to understand how so experienced a politician could have guessed so wrong about the results. As a favorite of the West, Bourguiba might reasonably have banked on a degree of indulgence, but hardly as much as he was asking for. He had evidently calculated that his show of force in Bizerte would oblige Algerian and French negotiators at Lugrin to set aside a piece of the Sahara for him; that de Gaulle would be far too concerned about the Lugrin talks and Berlin to risk an ugly conflict with friendly Tunisia over a naval base that France intended to abandon soon anyway. There is even reason to believe that Bourguiba may have assumed that if the ugly conflict actually took place, the Americans, who had been his special protectors all along, would promptly send the Sixth Fleet to his rescue. The first assumption showed a surprising misreading of the F.L.N.'s character, the second an astonishing misunderstanding of de Gaulle's, and the third—made at a time when the United States was trying desperately

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to hold the Atlantic Alliance together so as to stave off a world war over Berlin—was beyond comprehension.

In spite of these stunning errors in judgment, the operation was not a total loss. The French brutality at Bizerte has given Bourguiba the right to claim an authentic place among the victims of neo-colonialism. That, after all, was what he wanted, and it has brought some rewards: a special session of the U.N. General Assembly in his defense, the solidarity of the Afro-Asian bloc, a ceremonial reconciliation with Nasser, and the formal support of Khrushchev (who kept Bourguiba's emissary cooling his heels for two days after the Bizerte battle, and ended by giving him only a $28-million credit that had already been discussed months before). For all that, however, Bourguiba has found himself in a deadlier trap than before.

HE COULD NOT really think that the United Nations would compel de Gaulle to evacuate the city of Bizerte, still less the French base there. Meanwhile, the continuing French presence in Bizerte was becoming a lethal growth, eating away both at Bourguiba's personal authority and the security of his country. One of the long-standing plans of the French chiefs of staff, warmly advocated by extremist army officers, provides for a two-way thrust to annihilate the twenty thousand Algerian rebel troops sheltered in Tunisia—over the Algerian border on one side and down from Bizerte on the other. These French officers have seen the Bizerte crisis as a golden opportunity, and while the F.L.N. leaders in Tunis judiciously moved their own battalions southward when the French paratroopers were rushed to Bizerte in July, they aren't blind to the risk, either. From the time the first shot was fired, they have been insistently offering Bourguiba the help of their troops to drive the French into the sea—which would internationalize their war with a vengeance. Bourguiba has declined with thanks, but he has been finding it harder and harder to do so.

Far from being impressed by his militancy, the F.L.N. leaders have considered his Bizerte campaign poorly timed, badly planned, and halfhearted. They have not particularly sympathized with him for his casualty list—not greater, they say, than theirs has been almost daily in some phases of their war. But from what happened to Bourguiba, they have drawn the lesson that they must place even less reliance than they used to on comparatively moderate leaders—evidence being the firing on August 27 of the more or less moderate Ferhat Abbas and his replacement by Benyoussef Ben Khadda, one of the most left-wing and intractable of the rebel leaders.

The Shift from Neutralism

In the meantime, Bourguiba's economic situation has been rapidly deteriorating. Tunisia has a population of just over four million, and such meager resources that American experts think it will need fifteen years of careful nursing to stand on its own feet. Because of the Tunisians' eager co-operation and earnest application in the past, the Kennedy administration has selected them as a pilot nation in Africa, eligible for extraordinary financial aid. That aid is now coming at the rate of $95 million a year; and Washington still values Bourguiba so highly that it will probably continue. But however substantial the American support, it is no substitute for the underpinning that France has provided up to now. Apart from direct and indirect subsidies of $40 million a year, including artificial price supports for its too expensive wheat and wine, the French have provided Tunisia with thirty per cent of its export market, technicians, businessmen, teachers—especially teachers, without whom Bourguiba could never have gone so far in modernizing his country. Despite his humiliation at Bizerte, Bourguiba still wants the French to stay: he has closed only four of their business firms and expelled only a handful of obvious *provocateurs*.

Over and over again in the Bourguiba story, all the mounting pressures exerted on Tunisia from different and reciprocally antagonistic forces have led him to take bold initiatives. The latest has been a shift away from neutralism, which he made just after he returned from the Belgrade Conference, where he had taken every opportunity to show his closeness to Nasser. Actually, he was still in Belgrade when he learned of de Gaulle's press conference of September 5, at which the general spoke of how France had maintained with Tunisia "a whole assemblage of political, economic, cultural, and human relationships, of which the least that can be said is they were not detrimental to Tunisian interests." He had made it clear to Bourguiba during the Rambouillet talks that France, while never contesting Tunisia's sovereignty over Bizerte, could not possibly consider quitting the base as long as the international crisis remained so acute. Yet, in spite of all that has taken place since the Rambouillet talks, "For a long time we have invited the Tunisian government, and we still invite it, to negotiate with us, in the first place, the conditions of a *modus vivendi* at Bizerte, and then those which will provide for our use of the base during the period of danger the world faces today."

BACK in Tunis, Bourguiba, on September 8, formally declared that on the whole what the general had said was all right with him. There would be "discussion for a *modus vivendi* at Bizerte," he said, "then negotiations for the utilization of the base during the dangerous period, and finally the opening of negotiations for the definitive withdrawal of French troops in Tunisia." Thus as long as the conflict between East and West remains so critical, France and the West can use the facilities of the Bizerte base. This will be strictly for the duration, and then France will go—as France has always said it would.

One well may ask what the whole fuss over Bizerte has been about. The only answer can be a rather charitable one, for Bourguiba is in a very, very hot spot.

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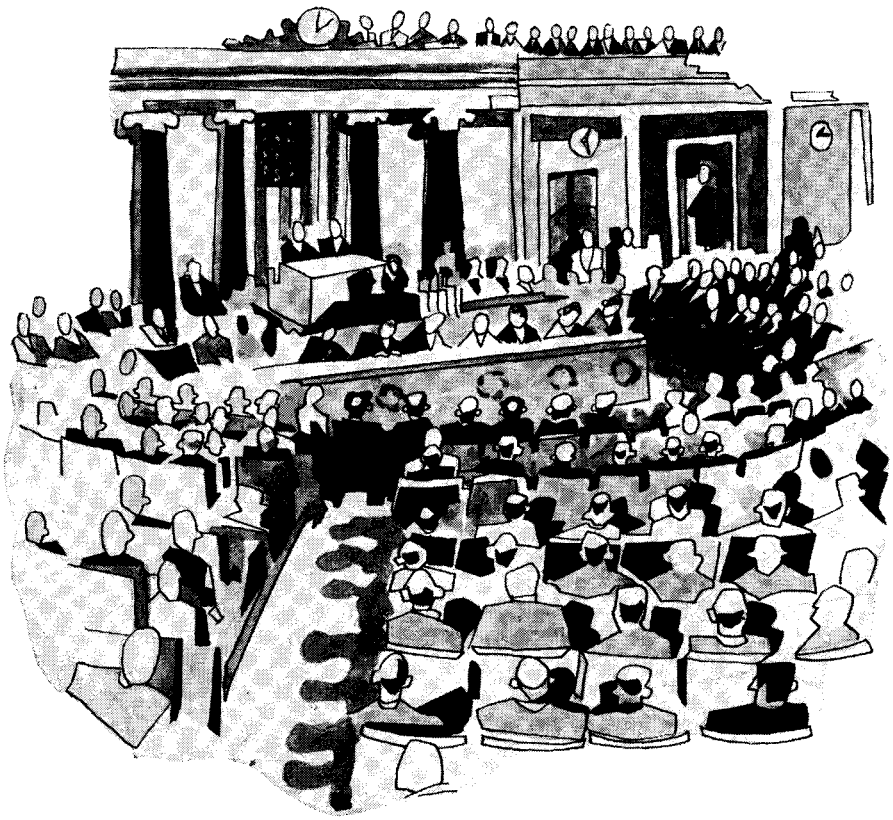

Spotlight on the House

DOUGLASS CATER

WASHINGTON

DURING the Calendar Wednesday roll call of committees on August 30, Representative John L. McMillan (D., South Carolina), a determined foe of Federal aid to education, seemed uncommonly cheerful about yielding precedence to permit a vote on the administration's final compromise on a general education bill. He had good reason for cheer. Minutes later, the bill was voted down, 170-242. It was a disappointing end to the eight-month fight for what President Kennedy had termed "probably the most important piece of domestic legislation."

The vote represented a failure of the House to come to terms with a clear and present need in the nation. (The Senate had passed the administration's bill 49-34 three months earlier.) In the elementary and secondary schools, there is already a shortage of 131,000 classrooms and forty-eight thousand teachers. The school population is expected to increase twenty-two per cent during the next decade; and, according to one estimate, annual public-school costs must more than double today's $19 billion just to maintain things at the present level.

To meet this mounting burden, the local community's source of school revenue, the tax on real property, has reached the point of diminishing returns (in some cases, a fixed state-constitutional ceiling). The Federal income tax, it is argued, clearly offers the most efficient and equitable means of paying for a cost that hits rich and poor states indiscriminately.

But the House wasn't listening. A few days after the administration's defeat, the members extended for another two years the school aid to so-called "Federally impacted areas." It provides school subsidies not only for the benefit of those living and working on tax-exempt Federal property but also for others, government and defense workers, who pay their local taxes along with everyone else. Congressmen who had complained loudly about the danger of Federal involvement in the school system voted for a program that allows something they claim to fear—the payment of Federal dollars directly to teachers.

Under the act's rather loose provisions, the children of a Washington lobbyist living in nearby Maryland have qualified since their father works "on Federal property." Both Eisenhower and Kennedy have made efforts to cut back this program, but they got little sympathy even from such militant opponents of aid to education as Representative William M. Colmer (D., Mississippi)—his district got $2,021,000 last year—and Representative Joel T. Broyhill (R., Virginia)— his district got $7,778,154.

IN THE BITTER post-mortems on what went wrong in education, blame was widely apportioned. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Abraham Ribicoff, some charged, had been too much of an operator for his own good, even trying to work out an amendment that would conciliate the segregationists. The Kennedy lieutenants had not stood resolute behind the President's declared intention to stick to public-school aid, but got involved in trying to work out means of back-handed assistance to the private (i.e., parochial) schools. Spokesmen for the public-school lobby and for the Catholic hierarchy showed a greater zest for fighting each other than for getting anything done. The House Education and Labor Committee was beset by petty feuds among the sponsors. Republicans, even those who professed sympathy for some sort of aid program, showed fiendish skill in exploiting the divisions among the Democrats. Finally, a lion's share of blame was heaped on Congressman James J. Delaney (D., New York), who supplied the swing vote to kill the administration's measures, 8-7, in the House Rules Committee. Delaney, a Catholic, could not understand why parochial-school students in his

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Catholic-majority district should be slighted.

Some who followed the events claim that *if* Delaney could have been persuaded differently and *if* the sponsors had timed their strategies better, aid to education might have gotten through reasonably intact. Others, citing the seventy-two-vote margin against even the watered-down compromise, are doubtful. They point out pessimistically that the effort stirred up antagonisms that have lingered since 1949, when a general education bill first passed the Senate only to die in a House committee. Again this year, the politicians found the kind of controversy brewing that they fear most—a religious war among their constituents.

Another irreconcilable element had been added. Northern congressmen who might have been disposed toward some form of parochial-school aid were determined not to do anything that would assist Southern efforts to avoid desegregation by building private schools. This combination of resistances frustrated the traditional method of reaching a compromise which, as in this year's omnibus housing bill, would include something to satisfy everybody. Attempts at working out such an omnibus education bill only solidified the opposition, not the support.

Dead End

The experience has raised some sobering questions. What is needed, in the view of Secretary Ribicoff and other supporters, is a new and radically different approach if Federal aid to education is ever to survive the legislative process.

Even more basic, the fact that almost all the difficulty centered in the House of Representatives has roused new concern about the power situation of that body. There has been a curious reversal of the roles formerly played by the two Houses of Congress. Once it was the Senate that was judged the more "deliberative" body. As George Washington is supposed to have explained to Thomas Jefferson, "We pour House legislation into the Senatorial saucer to cool it." Today it is the House where important measures adopted by the Senate are cooled or, often as not, given the deep freeze.

The origin of this shift, according to Representative Richard Bolling (D., Missouri), can be traced back to 1939. "Whereas the Senate traditionally had functioned as the greater obstructionist in the legislative process," he has written, ". . . the House dramatically claimed this distinction during the first session of the Seventy-sixth Congress." It had been preordained, according to Bolling, when two years earlier "the coalition" (of Republicans and Southern Democrats) managed to wrest control of the Rules Committee from the Democratic leadership.

The House shows no sign of relinquishing this role. During the post-convention session last year, not one of Mr. Kennedy's five pieces of "must" legislation that passed the Senate managed to survive the House. This year, besides dealing the blow to Kennedy's education bill, the House drastically whittled down the new administration's farm and feed-grain programs, struck out the major feature of the development-loan plan, cut foreign-aid appropriations by more than twenty per cent, and quietly bottled up other measures from tax reform to job retraining for displaced workers.

In its first year, the Eighty-seventh Congress has been fairly productive in dealing with the legislative proposals that have been on the agenda for years—probably as productive, quantitatively, as any since Roosevelt's first term. But the House much more than the Senate poses a formidable obstacle to any significant new departures for the Kennedy administration.

This is a difficult problem to analyze, since the mechanisms of the House are far more intricate and less visible than those of the Senate. On occasion, as during last January's fight to expand the Rules Committee, its power structure is exposed fleetingly to public view. But mostly the reporter comes to accept a certain amount of mystery about the way the House works. He observes the numerous impediments that have been placed in the way of majority rule and the cumbersome procedures for getting around these impediments. But he can never be sure when the seeming frustration of majority rule is simply the working of a silent majority within the membership.

One thing is clear. More than in the Senate, raw power in the House is vested in a group of chieftains, a dozen or so, who are pretty much unknown to the public at large. Men of vast seniority, they mostly represent small rural districts where their seignioral rights are seldom challenged. They tend to view their power as a personal accomplishment. For example, two days after the House voted to authorize $4,253,500,000 in foreign aid, Appropriations Subcommittee Chairman Otto E. Passman of Louisiana acted to slash $896 million, serenely convinced that any compromise must be negotiated between him and the President *à deux*. Both his committee and, more interestingly, the House leadership sustained him in that conviction. Republican-sponsored amendments offered on the floor to restore parts of the cut were opposed by Majority Leader John W. McCormack of Massachusetts. Rather than challenge Passman directly, McCormack preferred to negotiate a satisfactory "compromise" in the Senate-House conference on the bill. Much of the House's business goes on with this avoidance of direct confrontations.

To get anything accomplished puts great demands on the skill of the Speaker and his aides. Not even a formidable man like Sam Rayburn actually had the kind of influence he got credit for. This year's reform of the Rules Committee undoubtedly helped to make that body more accommodating to his wishes. (The committee's dictatorial practices, it should be noted, grew out of a reform in 1910 intended to overthrow the dictatorship of Speaker Joe Cannon.) But it was a limited reform, permitting only an 8-7 margin for tightly contested administration measures. The margin can be turned around any time someone like Delaney takes a notion.

The unhappy prospect is that leadership problems will get worse before they get better. Speaker Rayburn, now approaching eighty, has been suffering acutely from what he describes as lumbago. During the period just prior to the education fight, he reportedly lost fifteen pounds in as many days. He departed for his home town of Bonham,

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Texas, shortly afterward, handing his Speaker's chores over to McCormack. In the House lobbies, speculation about who would be his successor began almost instantly.

A New Speaker?

Picking a Speaker—a choice House Democrats have not had to face for twenty-one years—will certainly offer another insight into the House's power structure. So far, several candidates are mentioned: Majority Leader McCormack claims the right of legitimate succession; Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania, chairman of the Un-American Activities Committee, has a following among conservative Southerners; Richard Bolling of Missouri, Rayburn's deputy on the Rules Committee and, it is believed, his choice for heir, also has wide backing among liberal Democrats; Albert Rains and Carl Elliott, both of Alabama, have reputations as legislative craftsmen. Finally, Carl Albert, House Majority Whip, and Wilbur Mills, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, are considered "centrist" candidates who would loom large in any search for a compromise.

Few experts voice any certainty about who the next Speaker will be or whether he can capture the limited powers Rayburn held. The prospect of a change comes at an unsettled time, for this year the House has been harassed by the problems of reapportionment required by the census of 1960. Sixteen states are being obliged to yield one or more seats while nine others will gain in representation. It means tampering with the very foundation on which the House rests. Gains can be almost as disruptive to the Congressional delegations as losses, for they necessitate painful reshifting of political alignments with each state. The prime responsibility for the definition of a district belongs to the state legislatures. But the congressmen are, to say the least, highly interested spectators. One member whose seat has been threatened, Kenneth Roberts of Albama, has spent the better part of the session acting as his own lobbyist in Montgomery.

Reapportionment has served as a vivid reminder of just how unrepresentative the House of Representatives really is. The old requirement

that Congressional districts be compact, contiguous, and approximately equal in population was abandoned during the prolonged fight that followed the 1920 census. Today, some districts have become marvels of geographic configuration. The newly created 28th in Los Angeles, for example, looks like a misshapen dumbbell, widening at the extremities with its central section only three city blocks wide. In California, which is gaining eight seats, the Democrats claim that they are only requiting the Republicans for 1951. At that time, reapportionment helped to boost the G.O.P. majority from thirteen to nineteen. This time, the Democrats expect to increase their majority from sixteen to twenty-three.

In such a tooth-and-claw struggle, preserving equality of representation often goes by the board. Districts range in population from the 1,014,460 constituents (more than the population of fifteen states) presently represented by James B. Utt, Republican of California, to the 177,431 of John B. Bennett, Republican of Michigan. Power in the House can be built on a small base. Speaker Rayburn represents the sixth smallest district in the country; Democratic Whip Carl Albert (D., Oklahoma), the tenth smallest.

The *Congressional Quarterly* estimates that despite the Democratic windfall in California, the effect of reapportionment will be a Republican gain of about five seats. But it will have further impact that goes beyond party labels. According to tentative findings, both rural and central metropolitan areas with declining populations will be increasingly overrepresented in the House. The mushrooming suburban communities, confronted with acute problems of housing and highways —and above all, of schools—will be increasingly underrepresented.

Undoubtedly, the congressmen are profoundly affected by this carving up of their home bases by state legislatures which are themselves the products of even more grotesque gerrymandering. It tends to breed a cynicism about the House's right to its Constitutional mandate as the *popular* body of Congress. The internal checks which the members set up against majority rule are merely superimposed on this larger external check.

The situation lends itself to all kinds of manipulation. In six states scheduled to lose seats, the reapportionment battle has led to deadlock. As things now stand, the seventy-eight congressmen from Illinois, Massachusetts, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania will all be obliged to run at large. It means they must compete *en masse* in state-wide elections rather than in the individual districts where each is known.

On September 6, the House Judiciary Committee voted down several proposals to increase the size of the House in order to solve the problem for these deadlocked states. The Southern Democratic - Republican "coalition" on the committee refused even to consider another bill which would allow the Census Bureau to redistrict these states on a strict basis of population. At the latest report, a fight was still being waged behind the committee's closed doors.

THERE are rumors that House G.O.P. leader Charles Halleck is well pleased by this impasse. He is said to believe that his party stands to gain by state-wide elections in Illinois, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania, where the predominantly Republican rural vote might help to sweep out some of the big-city Democrats. Counting on the gain normally made by the opposition in off-year elections, he might even pick up enough votes to form a Republican majority.

If this long shot should actually pay off, it will simplify a lot of things, not least of them the matter of Rayburn's successor. And under the leadership of Speaker Halleck, there could be no question about what role the House would play in the years ahead.

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A New Role for Mr. Powell

PAUL DUKE

WASHINGTON

MOMENTS after the House of Representatives passed a compromise minimum-wage bill on May 3, a number of congressmen hurried down the aisles to congratulate the man who had led them to one of the Kennedy administration's most notable legislative victories. It was not an ordinary scene, for the congressman receiving the congratulations was Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., of Harlem. In the course of his political career Powell has been noted for many qualities, but until he guided the wage bill through, legislative leadership was not one of them.

When Congressman Powell became chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee last January, other congressmen and some of President Kennedy's lieutenants feared that he might use his new power for his own causes. His record was not one to inspire confidence. Although he had performed well as the somewhat out-of-place chairman of a House subcommittee on mining legislation, his sixteen years in Congress had been chiefly marked by a single-interest fixation on civil-rights legislation and a record of absenteeism. He had become a familiar figure in international tourist areas, especially in Puerto Rico. He had stayed in public view mainly by marrying three times, engaging in political brawls, and being prosecuted for but not convicted of income-tax evasion —all while serving as minister of Harlem's Abyssinian Baptist Church.

Administration officials had other reasons to wonder about how Powell would act in his powerful new role as committee chairman. He had supported President Eisenhower's reelection effort in 1956, and he had clambered aboard the Kennedy band wagon only after his own candidate, Stuart Symington, failed to land the 1960 Presidential nomination. Federal aid to education, increased benefits for the unemployed, and the minimum-wage bill—all of which were destined to go through Powell's committee—seemed to be in not too reliable hands.

The New Adam

Powell was not long, however, in allaying these fears. As soon as the administration submitted its minimum-wage recommendations, he ordered a subcommittee to consider the legislation and to hold no more than three days of hearings. This was in sharp contrast to the four months of hearings held last year, when former Congressman Graham Barden (D., North Carolina) was chairman of the committee. Powell exhibited to the House bound volumes of previous hearings totaling twelve thousand pages—his way of saying that nothing new was likely to come out of extensive new hearings.

The administration-supported version of the minimum-wage bill was defeated by one vote in the House, but Powell got a second chance when the Senate passed the administration's bill. In the resulting conference to work out a compromise between the two houses, Powell and two liberal colleagues—James Roosevelt (D., California) and John Dent (D., Pennsylvania)—were a majority of the five-man House negotiating team. They willingly abandoned the House version and accepted the major provisions of the Senate bill.

Powell demonstrated unsuspected skills in pushing the compromise through the House. When some of the conservatives charged him with selling out to the Senate conferees, he waved several sheets of notes taken during conference sessions to document his contention that the two House Republicans on the conference committee had made no fight for the House bill. This performance and a persuasive speech Powell made at the end of the House debate helped to pass the compromise bill, 230 to 196.

This struggle also produced the first glimpse of what seems to be Powell's new talent for compromise. He actually preferred a broader measure than the one proposed by the administration—a bill that would cover many more workers. But he not only went along with the administration bill but later agreed to water it down to enhance its chances.

Similarly, in the fight over Federal aid to education, Powell dropped his perennial amendment to deny Federal funds to Southern school districts that fight integration. The "Powell Amendment," as he well knew, had doomed all aid to education in the past by solidifying the opposition among Southern congressmen. The controversy over parochial-school aid killed any meaningful education bill for the session, but it was not due to lack of interest on Powell's part. In fact, his Baptist ministership didn't deter him from trying to solve the problem by advocating limited parochial assistance.

IT IS NOT EASY to understand all the reasons for the seeming change. One suspects that one of the reasons stems from vanity. Powell is finding that doors that were once closed to him are now open. There are chats with President Kennedy and his assistants at the White House, strategy talks with Speaker Sam Rayburn, and legislative planning sessions with Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg and with Abraham Ribicoff, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Both Goldberg and Ribicoff were dispatched to New York last January to pay homage at a testimonial dinner for Powell. This was intoxicating stuff for a man of Powell's predilections. One Democrat says, "Adam's an addict and his hashish is flattery."

There is some evidence that Congressman Powell views the chairmanship as an opportunity to destroy

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the memories of the "old" Adam Clayton Powell. Edith Green (D., Oregon) says, "He sees this as the great challenge of his life. He *wants* to be an outstanding chairman." Powell himself, commenting on his new office, has said: "During the past years I have been exposed to all types of purges, persecution, prosecution, and promises. But now I am totally free to do that which I feel is best for our land."

During the nine months that he has headed the Education and Labor Committee, according to some of its members, Powell has demonstrated a talent for lessening frictions and creating unity. This is not a small accomplishment; Powell's committee has long been faction-ridden. He presides over a lineup that ranges from Edgar Hiestand (R., California), a member of the John Birch Society, to James Roosevelt. But most of the committee members give Powell high marks for fairness.

It is clear that he means to run his committee. One dramatic symbol of his authority is a new intercommunications system in his office that enables him to participate *in absentia* in subcommittee sessions in the hearing room—a big-brother arrangement that no other committee chairman has. Members have been startled by the sudden crackle of the loudspeaker announcing, "This is your chairman speaking."

Powell has also instituted strong procedures for controlling meetings of the full committee, among them an anti-filibustering rule aimed at producing positive taciturnity by preventing members from talking more than five minutes during discussions of bills. The committee staff has been shaken up, and it is now more than double the size of the staff that served under Barden. Subcommittees are probing into matters ranging from the impartiality of the National Labor Relations Board to the impact of imports and exports on employment.

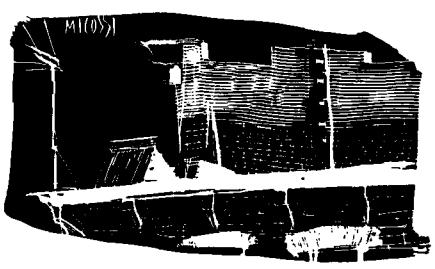
With his wider sphere of influence, Powell has been prodding the administration to give more jobs to Negroes and has been pushing for an "arsenal of weapons" package of new laws to help the government curb strikes that threaten the national welfare. In a recent instance, Powell unlimbered his own weapon, the chairmanship, to further a cause. Appearing before a convention of building-trades unions, he bluntly told the delegates that they could not count on his help in getting legislation to ease anti-picketing bans at government construction sites unless they stopped discriminating against Negro workers.

There is some fear that Chairman Powell may have too much power—and use it too much to his own advantage. "On the surface, everything looks fine," Congressman Robert Griffin (R., Michigan) remarks, "but you have the feeling lots of things are going on which nobody knows about." The ten subcommittees, which are five more than Barden had, make up a set of little fiefdoms for the Democrats.

Time Will Tell

Some Democrats suspect that Powell's enthusiasm for his new job will wane. One associate says, "The chairmanship is a new toy, something to amuse him for a while, then discard. Adam's normal nature is to be ornery." Another remarks, "I can never forget that he has a great capacity for mischief and is one of the great political adventurers of our time."

Certainly, there is a disquieting reminder of the "old" Adam Clayton Powell in the reputation his committee is earning for big spending and far traveling. The two-year budget of $633,000 is twice that of 1959-1960. Powell has spent liberally for staff salaries, and he paid $6,000 for baby-blue wall-to-wall carpeting on committee-room floors, with matching curtains that have the U.S. emblem sewn in. Committee members and staffers have made trips to Argentina, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Ethiopia, and Europe. A subcommittee is planning a fall junket to Russia to study Soviet education. Faced with the prospect that the committee will spend more money than it has available, Powell made a minor clampdown: staff members who travel to New York have been ordered to go by train or to take the $14 air shuttle.



While other congressmen might feel that they had to be more wary about their spending, Powell seems to suffer no ill effects from his generosity. At a street-corner rally a few years ago, he was interrupted by a heckler who taxed him with living in a big house in Westchester County and for driving a sports car and frequenting "21" and "El Morocco." The heckler was silenced by an enthusiastic voice from the rear: "Yeah, man, that cat really knows how to live."

Powell's political longevity, however, is primarily the result of the reputation he has earned as the angry voice of Harlem. Although his Washington horizons are now wider, almost all of his Harlem speeches are keyed to civil rights. "You can't seek the kingdom of heaven without changing the world," he cried in a recent sermon. Even those of his constituents who think that Powell is most interested in publicizing himself credit him with fulfilling a useful role. "Adam is mostly an irritant and a noisemaker," a young Harlem businessman suggests, "but you need somebody out there shouting to keep the opposition off balance."

Powell's sermons are pitched on many levels. He can range from philosophical detachment to the angry involvement of a Billy Graham. His political speeches, however, are usually elemental. The spectacle of the handsome Powell shouting, waving his arms, and haranguing in a richly resonant voice often moves his listeners to foot-stomping response. During the Presidential campaign, he drew large crowds throughout the North and Midwest. He lampooned Richard Nixon as the "great pretender" and all but deified John Kennedy. He took care of the problem of having Southerner Lyndon Johnson on the Democratic ticket with a flippant "If I can take him, what's your excuse?" He was a valued campaigner.

There are some who believe, nonetheless, that Powell's day in the front rank of Negro leaders is coming to an end, that more youthful

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action seekers will push him into the background. "Adam is O.K. for waving the flag," one of his detractors says, "but he wouldn't risk getting on one of those busses and getting roughed up." For the first time, too, Powell may be in for real trouble in Harlem, where the candidates he backed in the recent New York City Democratic primary went down to defeat. An associate, however, believes that Powell's troubles are more basic. "Adam is really a great failure," he says, "a smart man with tremendous talents who has frittered away his gifts."

Powell himself, now fifty-two years old, gives expression on occasion to a highly romantic vision of his future. He talks of abandoning both his political and church positions in 1964. This would give him more time to spend at the ocean-front cottage he maintains not far from San Juan, Puerto Rico. "You know," he says with a smile, "when I've been holed up for about three days, am unshaven, out of touch with the world, and the rain starts coming down on the roof, I get to thinking I'm Somerset Maugham."

THE POSSIBILITY that he may still be the same old Adam Clayton Powell, who plays politics to his own taste and who makes good use of racism to serve his political ends, was revived by his early maneuvers in the New York mayoralty campaign. In July, he announced that he would campaign strongly for Arthur Levitt (who was backed by Tammany) in the Democratic primary, claiming that he had been influenced in his decision by the "consistent policy" in Mayor Wagner's administration of refusing to make sufficient use of the city's two million Negroes and Puerto Ricans in city jobs. Since Wagner's triumph in the primary, Powell has announced he is backing the mayor.

While the Kennedy administration has no cause for complaint about Powell's performance, some Democratic skeptics say they don't think the honeymoon will last forever. Not long ago, an Eastern university was considering an award to Powell of an honorary degree and sought the opinion of another congressman. "Wait another year," he advised. "By then you can tell whether he has really changed."

Mexico: The Middle-Aged Revolution

GLADYS DELMAS

MEXICO CITY

"AN AUTHENTIC revolutionary is known by his observance of the law," said President Adolfo López Mateos last year in his annual address to the Mexican congress. This curious exercise in semantics expresses the present position of the Mexican government (entirely controlled by the Institutional Revolutionary Party) and the two poles of its preoccupation: on the one hand dedication to social and economic progress—"revolution" in official terminology; on the other, deep concern not to upset the apple cart—and no doubt certain interests vested in it—by trying to go too fast.

Mexico is proud of the fact that its revolution is fifty years old, that it antedates the Russian one by seven years, and that many of Castro's most radical innovations—agrarian reform and expropriation of the oil companies, for instance—are old hat here.

Like Castro's, the Mexican revolution started as a political revolt against an entrenched dictator, Porfirio Díaz, who had ruled the country for thirty-five years. Like Castro's, too, it gathered momentum as it went along, and soon became a revolt, anarchic and often bloody, against all established privilege. But in 1917 its intellectual leaders produced a constitution, the most advanced of its time, which among other things defined the rights of labor, greatly limited the right to real property, and made the state sole purveyor of education. It was many troubled years, however, before effective constitutional government was established in Mexico: counterrevolution, warring politicians in the capital, and marauding bands of peasants in the countryside kept the country in a turmoil. Not until the late 1930's did civil peace return.

If the revolution has now reached a respectable maturity, it is thus not so old but that many living Mexicans still remember the devastation that accompanied it. No accurate figures are available, but the cost in lives, on the battlefield, by assas-

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If bookstores were as plentiful as grocers and druggists there would be no need for book clubs. The fact that only a few large cities can maintain bookstores of a size to carry a fair assortment of books means that the great majority of the people find their reading matter with difficulty and by chance. The book club is one answer to this problem.

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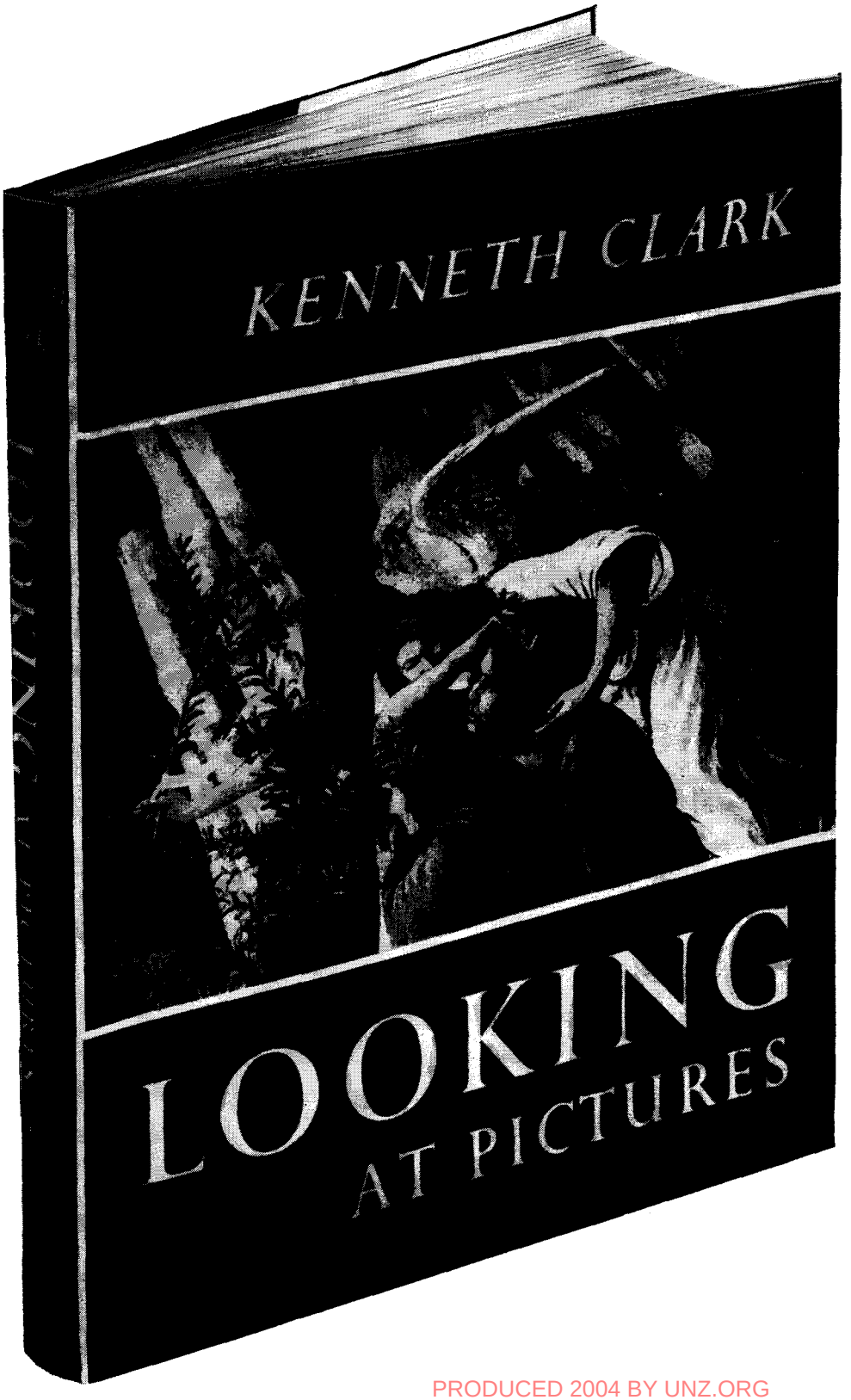

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sination, or simply by starvation, runs into the hundreds of thousands. As a result there is no country in Latin America where a higher value is placed on civil peace, both as a good in itself and as a prerequisite for progress.

There is no doubt that great progress has been made. In twenty-five years, net real income has quintupled, a record matched by no other country in Latin America and by few anywhere in the world. In addition, it has been a balanced growth, affecting all sectors of the economy. This has been achieved by a peculiarly Mexican formula linking private and state enterprise, leaving sufficient leeway to private initiative to stimulate new investment, yet filling the gaps in low-profit sectors with public funds.

Nostalgic Anti-Americanism

Given the delicate balance between a revolutionary philosophy and sensitiveness to public disorder, the problem Castro presents for the entire hemisphere is an especially difficult one in Mexico.

Mexico's strong defense of non-intervention appears to have the support of all Mexicans, high and low, right and left. They may see in it a greater or less degree of criticism of the United States. They may privately support one side or another in Cuba, but none of them has any fault to find with a position they feel has been forged in the heat of their own history. This, as every school child in Mexico is taught, was marked by a series of interventions, beginning with Cortes, who lies unhonored here, and including the French and the Hapsburg Emperor Maximilian, the anniversary of whose defeat is a national holiday, but above all the Americans, who, not content with snatching vast territories from Mexico, "invaded" the country as recently as 1916.

It should be added, however, that the Mexican position, while ostensibly neutral, is noticeably more benevolent toward Cuba than toward ourselves. Mexico has explicitly identified itself with the ideals of the Cuban revolution—as, for that matter, have we. But it has had nothing to say on the way those ideals have been put into practice. Furthermore, it has effectively barred most anti-Castro refugees by invoking the immigration law, which denies entry to anyone who cannot meet a means test. This is in sharp contrast to Mexico's generous reception of Spanish Republicans.

The crux of the matter is the effect of the Castro example and propaganda on domestic affairs—the

extent to which it has increased the combativeness of the Left, roused old resentments, and disturbed that stability which is so necessary to progress.

In spite of spectacular progress, there is still tremendous poverty in Mexico. The very speed of development has in itself created problems. With improvements evident on every hand, appetites too have increased that cannot yet be satisfied. Although statistics here are only approximations, the very poor have profited least, even though their income has improved somewhat and their number has diminished. In the countryside at least, they are certainly eating better: Mexico is one of the seven Latin-American countries where there is no food deficit, although the consumption of animal protein is still relatively low. However, the middle and particularly the upper classes have gone ahead much faster, thus further widening the gap between the rich and the poor. It has been said in defense of this enrichment of the rich that the Mexican capitalist, to a much greater extent than his South American kin, has plowed his profits back into the development of the country. Mexicans themselves, either as individuals or through their government, have provided between ninety-two and ninety-three per cent of the capital investment of the country.

If an economy of high profits and low taxes has thus created the dynamics of progress as it did in our own nineteenth century, it is an anomaly in a country professing revolutionary doctrines. There is evidence that even before Castro's propaganda exacerbated the situation, the new administration of López Mateos—which took office in December, 1958—was concerned with achieving a better distribution of prosperity.

It may be said in passing that in this task the Mexican government can count on a corps of economists, in the Central Bank, in the ministry of finance, and in its development corporation, Nacional Financiera, of a competence rarely to be met with in Latin America. Their point of view is thoroughly pragmatic; they are proud that the Mexican economy conforms to no ready-made definition and that it is fluid and flexible. They have produced, in addition to a consistently high growth rate, a balanced budget which, while amounting to less than ten per cent of the gross national income, devotes some forty per cent to economic development, nearly twenty per cent to education, twelve per cent to public health, and only ten per cent to the armed forces.

Cautious Radicalism

López Mateos has thus proceeded cautiously. His most dramatic move has been in the direction of land reform. After the tremendous splurge under Lázaro Cárdenas in the 1930's —forty-four million acres distributed in six years—momentum in this direction had greatly diminished. In his first twenty-one months in office, López Mateos distributed 7.5 million acres, and the pace has been about the same since then. Furthermore, new emphasis is being placed on providing the new landholders with the means to exploit their property: credit to buy seeds and fertilizer, lessons in how to use them and help in marketing the crop. Under López Mateos the cost of living has risen about seven per cent, a modest rise in a developing country and particularly so in Latin America.

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During the same period, industrial wages have risen some fifteen per cent. Social security services have also been considerably extended.

In 1956 James G. Maddox, reporting for the American Universities Field Staff, wrote: "Less attention has been given in recent years to how the pie is sliced and more emphasis is being put on producing a bigger pie."

That emphasis has now shifted slightly. And the shift has been accompanied by an increase in economic nationalism, a frequent concomitant of leftist economics. This has been manifested chiefly in electric power and mining. Foreign electric-power companies were purchased last year by the government at the market price and paid for in cash—a procedure that stands in sharp contrast to Castro's methods. The new mining law does not cancel existing concessions, but it provides a sliding scale of advantages for companies with a majority of Mexican capital.

In the sensitive atmosphere prevalent in Latin America since the Cuban affair, this slight shift in direction has naturally aroused fears in the business community. Foreign investment has dropped off, the Mexican stock exchange is sluggish, and tourists appear to have found a more congenial atmosphere elsewhere. Actually, the economy does not seem to be doing too badly. The cost of living has even declined a bit recently, and financial activity is definitely on the upswing.

COMPARED with many Latin-American countries, Mexico seems a haven of tranquillity, and officials here try to minimize any signs of unrest. The fact that a mob of students burned the U.S.-Mexican Cultural Institute library to the ground in the provincial capital of Morelia, while neither the police nor the fire department responded to urgent appeals for help, is deplored but excused on the grounds that boys will be boys. And it is emphasized with some justice that the anti-American demonstration in Mexico City, called on the day of the Cuban invasion and headed by former President Cárdenas himself, was relatively small and orderly. Not only was it controlled by large police contingents who formed a human wall around the embassy building, but the demonstrators themselves were almost entirely students. The workers, the unemployed, and the poor, the characteristic elements of a mob in a teeming capital, were conspicuously absent.

What Is Cárdenas Doing?

If there are relatively few overt disturbances, there are on the other hand plenty of rumors. Most of them concern the activities of General Cárdenas.

Cárdenas is an almost legendary figure in Mexican politics. An authentic revolutionary fighter, first with Villa, then with Calles, he became the president (1934-1940) who after the troubled years of civil war finally put the revolution into practice, distributed land, and expropriated the oil companies. But as Mexico's youngest president, he was out of a job at forty-five, with a need for action, little intellectual equipment, and a generous heart. He was secretary of defense during the war and was later appointed to head the Tepalcatepec project, a TVA-like plan for the reclamation and development of the Tepalcatepec River basin, which gave him another opportunity to indulge in his favorite occupation of distributing land. He tried, unsuccessfully, to influence the presidential election of 1952 in favor of a leftist candidate, General Miguel Henríquez Guzmán. During the last presidential election he was conveniently out of the country on a world tour that included chiefly Russia and Communist China.

The Cuban invasion, however, provided Cárdenas with a cause on which he could not be silenced. He profited from the occasion to the full, and allowed his remarks to spill over into the domain of domestic politics—something that ex-presidents are supposed to refrain from doing in a country where all official correspondence concludes with the cry "No re-election!"

This, coupled with cryptic remarks about the need to organize an opposition, even to make a new revolution, plus rumors from reliable sources that Czech arms are being landed at Atlantic ports and distributed to Cárdenas' followers in his home state of Michoacán, has led to considerable speculation. This culminated with the astounding "information" lodged by Guatemala with the Organization of American States that Cárdenas was organizing an invasion force in Yucatán on the Guatemalan border. Mexico promptly invited the OAS to come and see for themselves; since Guatemala could present no proof, the whole matter was dropped. It remains a mysterious incident, the net result of which has been to allow the general to clothe himself in righteous indignation and the Mexican government to be put in the position of defending him.

CARDENAS' ENEMIES proclaim that he, the living symbol of agrarian reform, is "the greatest landholder in the country." Others who have no particular reason to love him deny this. "Cárdenas is not a rich man," I was told by a politician who ought to know, and he added, "That's why he doesn't worry us. It takes money to play politics in Mexico."

Mexican officialdom takes the line that the whole subject of Cárdenas' influence and activities has been exaggerated, particularly by the foreign press. A recent article in the Latin-American edition of *Time* which said "The government lives in fear of Cárdenas's vast personal following" provoked an official remon-

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strance. It was certainly not fear of Cárdenas that inspired Mexico's position on the Cuban invasion. The size of his "vast personal following" is more difficult to evaluate. He is a tremendously popular figure, but whether this acclaim is more than that generally accorded to a historical personage is more doubtful.

Several Mexicans in close touch with politics have been at pains to explain to me that Cárdenas represents the older revolutionary generation, booted and spurred, seeking violent, simple solutions to complex problems. "He is out of touch with modern Mexico," I was told. "We know now it is not enough to give peasants land; we must also give them seeds, fertilizer, and credit."

In an oblique reference to Cárdenas, the president of the P.R.I., Alfonso Corona del Rosal, himself a general, declared recently, "The revolution has climbed down from its horse." Although a local wit promptly added "and into a Cadillac," the image is an apt one to describe a revolution whose conquests are now counted in production figures, literacy rates, and the building of roads and hospitals.

A Low Fever

Whatever the extent of the Cárdenas threat to political stability, it cannot be denied that there are areas of social unrest. In general they are limited to two sectors: the educational and the agrarian.

The university students and the teachers' union make the most noise. Student agitation is, however, endemic in Latin America and does not appear to be worse in Mexico than elsewhere. Communist infiltration in the teachers' union is more serious. In a country emerging from widespread illiteracy the influence of a primary teacher is tremendous; and if that teacher, ill equipped by a cursory education to distinguish between conflicting ideologies, is exposed to simple and persuasive Marxist doctrine, the results can quickly snowball. It is in this sector, too, that direct Castro influence is most evident. Numbers of Mexican students have been invited to Cuba to see the revolution in action,

The educational situation is further complicated by the religious issue. Article 3 of the Mexican constitution makes primary education the special preserve of the state, although it was revised in 1945 to remove the mandate that it should be "socialistic." This is still a major point of attack for all the clerical parties. The Church, however, enjoys an ever-increasing tolerance and does in fact, against the letter of the law, run a number of schools. It has replied to increased leftist activity by an increased combativeness of its own, thus perhaps dangerously reviving old resentments.

WHETHER the chronic agrarian unrest has increased significantly of late is difficult to say. One hears occasional tales of the "invasion" of land by landless farmers, usually aroused and led by professional agitators. In a recent incident, near Cuernavaca, the land turned out to have been already granted by the government to an *ejido* (a peculiarly Mexican form of agrarian co-operative). After several days of mutual siege between the two peasant groups, the sullen invaders dispersed, and their leader, who had collected a head tax for his services, returned to his comfortable home in Mexico City. More distant incidents are usually not so well reported. López Mateos' land-distribution program has not yet succeeded in removing the sting from the agrarian issue.

The labor front, surprisingly enough in this uneasy panorama, is relatively calm. Since the railroad strike of 1958 was declared illegal and its leaders jailed on the charge of "social dissolution," there have been no major disturbances. The majority of the unions are staunch supporters of the government. One highly qualified observer even told me that he thought the unions could be considered to the right of the government. Overtly Communist unions have a negligible membership, and Communist infiltration into the others is limited to a few instances, of which the teachers' union is the most notorious.

More serious than Communism or even leftism in the ranks of organized labor is the question of venality on the part of officials. Many complaints are heard from the grass roots, but there is as yet no significant reform movement. As long as labor leaders can deliver labor peace to the government, it does not appear likely that there will be one.

THE GENERAL SITUATION is thus a complex one, answering to no easy definition. Yet if there are signs of a certain rise in temperature in the body politic, there are also signs that it is creating its own antibodies. In Saltillo on May 28, a silent march of thousands of citizens affirmed their support of the government and their repudiation of "Communist agitators." In other provincial towns the middle classes have shown an unsuspected ability to organize in protest against corruption and Communist agitation.

Less than a year ago, in what appears to have been an effort not to be outflanked by the freshman revolutionaries in Cuba, President López Mateos declared, "My government is of the extreme Left within the constitution." The remark sent shivers down the backs of many people. On June 8, however, in an address to the press, he declared he would suppress "all excesses, whether of the Right or the Left." Both the Left and the Right responded with resounding applause. Whether this statement will actually be followed by a crackdown on subversive activities it is too soon to say. So far the government's policy has been largely one of wait and see, in the evident hope that excesses would burn themselves out and thus relieve it of the onus of taking unpopular and probably violent measures.

While the U.S.-sponsored invasion of Cuba has undoubtedly placed an added strain on Mexican-American relations, and while Americans are righteously indignant at anti-American demonstrations and at what they feel to be a lack of co-operation in the defense of the western world, it cannot be said that Mexicans themselves, either officials or the man in the street, have altered their attitude toward us, which is, as always, compounded of warm liking and a certain wariness toward a powerful neighbor. "Of course," an experienced politician said to me, "past resentments are part of our sentimental make-up, but we have always been able to surmount them when it has come to the test."

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A Brick Every Sunday

BARBARA CARTER

THE RATHER SQUAT Gothic-armory church that faces a barren park in Montgomery, Alabama, was inherited ten years ago by the Reverend Ralph D. Abernathy, the Negro minister who took on Martin Luther King's role when Dr. King moved to Atlanta early in 1960. In the belfry hang a cluster of battleship-gray loudspeakers, and they, perhaps as much as anything, lend the church its embattled-Baptist look. The loudspeakers are significant, because in Montgomery, where there is no Negro press and no Negro-owned radio station, they are the only means of communicating vital information to a large Negro audience in times of crisis.

On the wall of Dr. Abernathy's office hangs a painting of Dr. Andrew Jackson Stokes, a former pastor who died in 1924. "He's so well remembered here," Dr. Abernathy said, "it's as if he were still living." In the basement of the church is a room where Dr. Stokes used to hide persecuted Negroes, and it too is well remembered. Evidently, Dr. Stokes set several precedents during his ministry. According to Dr. Abernathy, he was the first Negro to own a car in Montgomery. At first, because he was not allowed to drive it through the streets, he practiced by driving it around and around his own back yard. When the monotony of these journeys became insupportable, he made a trip downtown, only to be met with stonings. Turning the high, old-fashioned car around, he drove it slowly home, put his son in the back seat, handed him a Winchester rifle, and tried again, this time successfully.

The church itself was built under the guidance of Dr. Stokes. He told his congregation that each was responsible for bringing a brick every Sunday until the church was built, never mind how they got it. Although the church was bombed during the famous bus boycott that lasted throughout the year 1956, one wall of multicolored bricks still stands. It was at one time the largest Negro church in the South, and recently made the front pages across the nation when some twelve hundred Negroes sat or sprawled on its hardwood varnished pews or stretched out along the narrow balcony in mob-enforced attendance through the night following a rally to honor the first of the Freedom Riders' ventures into Montgomery.

The phone in Dr. Abernathy's basement office was the lifeline then that led beyond the mob outside to Washington.

'It Just Burst Out'

Dr. Abernathy himself is a large, somewhat heavy man. As befits one who speaks slowly, his manner is mild, but an undercurrent of vitality breaks through occasionally like the sudden ripple of a flag on a still day. Though only thirty-four, he has an air of settled maturity that is usually the prerogative of older men. For several years now, he has been head of the Montgomery Improvement Association, the organization that was born in December, 1955, when the bus boycott began. Since the success of that boycott, the metamorphosis of Montgomery into a tough and ugly town has been a matter of national concern. "When you lose the first round," Dr. Abernathy says, in an effort to explain the white Montgomerian's mood, "you really set out to win the second." Today, after the bloody riots against the Freedom Riders in May, things are again at a standstill, with that false quiet which follows an eruption of violence.

But there is no turning back for the Negro in Montgomery. "This is a new era," Dr. Abernathy says. "It just burst out." He spread his hands wide before him as if he were holding a large balloon. "In 1954, with the feeling of security that having the Supreme Court behind us gave, it just burst out. Until then, the Negro had always practiced deception, first as a slave and even more after he was freed." Softly, he sang the first line of "Steal away, steal away to Jesus," letting the words linger in the air. "That was a signal for a secret meeting back in the woods. 'I Got a Shoe, You Got a Shoe,' when sung by a barefoot slave, was a joke on the white man. We'd all have shoes someday. But we don't need to deceive any longer."

How plain-spoken the Southern Negro has become was evident in a speech Dr. Abernathy gave earlier this year. "Segregation is as dead as a doornail," he said then, "but the problem is some people don't believe it." He called on Montgomery Negroes to redouble their efforts "until our parks are reopened on an integrated basis [all are closed to whites and Negroes alike as the result of an integration suit], our airport facilities are desegregated, our schools integrated, our people have the ballot, our people are able to hold decent jobs, in fact, until segregation is eliminated from every phase of our community life." The plans for this fall are to continue the "vigorous program of nonviolence—more sit-ins, more stand-ins, and a legal suit for integrating the schools." Although the road ahead might seem impossibly long and difficult, Dr. Abernathy looks upon the struggle in Montgomery as only a part of the developing and evolving process for Negroes everywhere.

The Cost of Courage

His personal share in the cost of this process has not been small. Not only was his church bombed, but on a day when he was out of town, his home was bombed too. The handmade device missed the gas main by only a few feet. His wife and three children, who were in the house at the time, luckily escaped unharmed.

"No," Dr. Abernathy answers

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when asked if he is afraid, "not as long as I'm in town." The cost of constant tension is hard to assess, but the damage to his church was $50,000; to his house, $5,000; and through a $500,000 libel judgment brought against him (the largest ever awarded in the history of Alabama) he has lost his car (though it was jointly owned with his wife), and seen the sixty-five acres he inherited from his father sold at public auction.

The suit was one of five brought against Abernathy, along with three other Southern Negro ministers and the New York *Times*, by the governor of Alabama and four leading Montgomery officials, including the mayor and the police commissioner. A year ago last March, the *Times* ran an advertisement describing attacks made on sit-in demonstrators and appealing for funds for Dr. King, who was then under indictment for income-tax evasion, a charge later dismissed. The committee sponsoring the ad included Eleanor Roosevelt, Norman Thomas, and Negro labor leader A. Philip Randolph. At the last minute, Abernathy's name and those of the other three ministers were added, without their knowledge. The city officials sued the *Times* and the four ministers for $500,000 apiece. Mrs. Roosevelt and the other committee members were spared. The governor sued for a million.

Two of the cases, the mayor's and the police commissioner's, were won in the circuit court during the festivities celebrating the centennial of the "War Between the States." Though both cases went on appeal, the attorneys failed to ask for a continuance in one, a technical oversight. Since Abernathy could not post the required bond of $1 million (twice the value of the judgment), the police commissioner was allowed to collect on his claim if he chose to. The commissioner did not hesitate, and it is now left to Dr. Abernathy to initiate proceedings to get at least the value of his property back if and when the decision is finally reversed.

Dr. Abernathy has been living in the parsonage, and, as he put it simply, "I let my wife feed me." She is on the staff of the Montgomery Improvement Association, which for six years has been holding weekly meetings for from three hundred to five hundred people, a figure that rises to as many as a thousand in times of crisis.

The M.I.A. runs a school for adult education in four different churches. Forty-five to fifty adults are enrolled, and just recently more than a dozen of them have become qualified to vote. But of the thirty-five thousand Negroes of voting age in Montgomery County, only three thousand are qualified voters. Any announced intention, moreover, on the part of the Negroes to get out a large vote only brings the whites out in greater numbers.

'We Get Tired'

"Our biggest problem," says Dr. Abernathy, "is that we need leaders." The irony of the situation in Montgomery is that it has been the white man's unwillingness to yield a single inch that has substituted for the leadership needed to keep the Negro community from drifting back into the old apathy and indifference.

"This is the one lesson the white man here has never, never learned," Dr. Abernathy declared. "There is not a single Negro policeman in Montgomery, not a single Negro social worker, not a single Negro government professional worker. There is no Negro on the city or county payroll except for a Negro county agent, his assistant, and two janitors at the county court."

But though the Negro masses in Montgomery are united, Dr. Abernathy says, "the classes are divided." Traditionally, he continued, the Negro looks "to the pastor for what he wants to feel, and to the educator for what he wants to think. But the pastor is under pressure from the teachers, and our higher educational community isn't looking for trouble. They have to pay," he said slowly, "for those automobiles—and those homes."

Alabama State College, a Negro teachers' college, is only a few blocks from Dr. Abernathy's church. As an alumnus, he spoke with a mixture of fondness and regret about its president, Dr. H. Councill Trenholm, who at Governor Patterson's order had immediately expelled nine students for participating in a sit-in demonstration a year ago February. "It might have been better if he had retired," Dr. Abernathy said quietly. More critical of the faculty were the students, some of whom claimed that faculty members lowered the grades of student demonstrators. With the support of the Montgomery Improvement Association, one of the expelled students finished the year at San Jose State College in California. He had returned to see if more help could be found for continuing his education. "It's very hard," said the minister. "The story's old hat now, and people are just not as interested.

"We get tired," Dr. Abernathy said. And some of his congregation seem to echo him when they say: "We want to hear the Gospel preached, not civil rights."

It is only too possible they will get their wish. Dr. Abernathy has just resigned in order to become minister to a church in Atlanta, and he doesn't know who his successor is going to be. "It was a very painful decision," he acknowledges. But Atlanta will give him "greater opportunity to render service to the total struggle. Montgomery is very difficult to get into and out of. Atlanta is more accessible by air and rail." He is very much concerned with the education of his three children, the oldest of whom is six, and integration has begun in Atlanta's schools this fall.

Dr. Abernathy's new church in Atlanta is a smaller building than the old church he is leaving. There are no loudspeakers in the belfry. (But then, Atlanta boasts the only daily Negro newspaper in the South as well as a Negro-owned radio station.) "It is also the home base of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference," he said, "of which I am the financial secretary." The Conference is the well-known Negro organization founded by Dr. King. "Actually, you could call it a Southwide Montgomery Improvement Association."

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A Visit To the Rebels of Angola

RICHARD MATHEWS

THE TALL, modern buildings and geometric blocks of Léopoldville faded slowly behind us into the oncoming dusk. There were four of us in the taxi: the driver, Germain; two Angolan nationalists, Garcia and Fidel; and myself. The two Angolans could speak bad French. I asked anxiously if they were sure that when we crossed the Congolese-Angolan frontier we would be in a nationalist-controlled zone, and that the *maquis* would not mistake me for a Portuguese. They reassured me with details of the arrangements they had made.

We rolled south through the darkened towns, past Congolese Army check points where sleepy soldiers blinked at us and looked at our papers. Unanswered questions raced through my mind: What had caused the exodus of 130,000 refugees from Angola into the Congo? What lay behind the five-month-old rebellion? Was Holden Roberto, a Baptist and former Léopoldville clerk, the real leader of the rebellion, with his União das Populacöes de Angola (U.P.A.)?

Finally, we reached the dusty, mud-brick village of Songa late that night, stopping just long enough to pick up a well-dressed, English-speaking (thanks to a Baptist mission school in Angola) U.P.A. agent who was waiting for us. Then we rumbled south four miles over a rutted Jeep track walled in by fifteen-foot elephant grass. Here we halted, paid Germain his fare, and set off into a moonlit night on a trail that cut off to the south from the Jeep track.

We were still in the Congo, and there was still a Congolese village between us and the frontier, some two miles away. Half an hour later, we found ourselves on the top of a low, bush-covered ridge. Along it, from east to west, ran a cleared swath, perhaps thirty feet wide. Fidel said: *"Voilà l'Angola, monsieur."* We said good-by to the U.P.A. man from Songa and headed south at a brisk pace into Angola. I found out that the Angolans are tireless walkers. During the trip there were many times when I wished they were less indefatigable.

About three in the morning we reached a small, nameless village perched on the top of a hill. Fidel went ahead to notify the inhabitants of our arrival. In a few minutes all the men of the village aroused themselves from sleep to come and greet us and we shook hands with each of them. We were given oranges and bananas. A few minutes later I was shown to a straw bed covered with a woven-reed mat in one of the village's twenty-odd grass and palm-frond huts.

WE ROSE at six the next morning. The villagers, ragged but apparently well fed, assembled to see us off, giving us some boiled eggs and more oranges and bananas. They also provided us with a porter and a guide.

Garcia and Fidel, U.P.A. members both, were treated with warmth and admiration, I noticed. It was the same story in all the villages we passed through and the same with all the other U.P.A. members I talked with. It seems undeniable that the U.P.A. and the revolution have real popular support, at least in large parts of northern Angola. Indeed, it would be difficult to explain its success otherwise.

It impressed me that I, a white, was warmly welcomed. This was true in the villages as well as later among the rebel troops. Holden Roberto and his colleagues had told me in numerous interviews that they were not leading an anti-European movement. The revolution is not anti-white; it is simply—and brutally—anti-Portuguese. There is a great fund of good will, for example, for the Protestant missionaries, nearly all of whom are either British or American.

THAT DAY we traversed grassy country splotched with patches of jungle, which is characteristic of the border area; farther south the jungle takes the upper hand and there are only occasional open places. In twenty miles or so we passed half a dozen villages, little clearings walled in by giant funa trees. In them were unkempt bean patches, carefully tended manioc gardens, and now

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and then a few dozen coffee bushes, the beans of which are the villagers' sole link to a money economy. The cash they get goes for matches, cotton cloth, metal pots, bush knives, and—when the Portuguese were still in control of the area—taxes. In each village we collected the inevitable gifts and went through the inevitable hand-shaking ceremony. In most of the villages there were few women and children; the majority had left for the Congolese refugee camps.

A little before four we reached a village called Kambamiole. By 4:10 we were approaching the fringes of Fuessa; we could already see the roofs of the first few huts. Suddenly Fidel told me to run with him into the forest bordering the trail and to lie low. The reason became evident immediately: a drone could be heard off to the southwest. It was a Portuguese reconnaissance plane, an ancient one-engine craft, probably unarmed. I wondered why all the fuss for a little spotter so far off. I learned soon enough: at 4:15 a much more resonant drone filled the sky. The spotter must have been searching for designated targets, and on finding them, radioed the other planes. Two minutes later the Portuguese dropped their first bombs and made their first strafing runs about half a mile to the north of us, at Kambamiole.

At 4:30 it became apparent that Fuessa was also on the day's list of targets. First there were several low reconnaissance passes. Then a few grenades were dropped on the north side of the village (luckily we were on the west). Next the strafing began; there were six passes in all. I could not tell which of the three planes we had seen made them because at the time I was trying to bury myself in the roots of a clump of thorn palms. Thirty-caliber machine-gun bullets were crackling off into the trees all around. Some of the forty-five U.P.A. guerrillas who were the presumed target of the Portuguese sniped at the planes as they swooped low on the strafing runs. I found later that their arms consisted of twenty locally made muzzle-loaders, eight Enfields, six Mausers, and one automatic machine pistol. If the rebels wasted ammunition, they certainly demonstrated considerable courage—and they told me they had downed more than twenty Portuguese planes in the last four months with similar weapons.

By five the Portuguese either thought they had sufficiently crippled the rebel band or had run out of ammunition. It only remained for them to burn the villages they had already strafed and bombed. This they duly did with three gasoline bombs. Their mission ended, they flew off.

When we entered Fuessa, we had to skirt a burning hut where ammunition had been stored and from which bullets were now flying in all directions. The village's few women were pouring water on the thatched roofs of four huts that had not caught fire. As the fire subsided into smoldering heaps of ashes, the women began raking out what they could save—the ten-gallon pans they carry on their heads, smoking bits of colored cloth, roasted peanuts and manioc, hoes and jungle knives with charred handles. By now the Fuessa fire had spread up the grassy hillside on the eastern side of the village.

The U.P.A. soldiers, ragged men and boys from fourteen years old on up, hardly seemed perturbed. Fidel explained that there had not been a single rebel casualty in all three villages. As far as I could determine he was right about at least the first point, if one was to exclude the marginal case of a Mauser-carrying seventeen-year-old whose cheek was slightly scratched. The Portuguese had sent out four planes and bombed for forty-five minutes, without weakening their enemy's potential.

All evidence I could gather indicated that the operation against Fuessa was typical of the Portuguese military effort in large parts of northern Angola. To the south, around Bembe and Carmona, where there is some semblance of battle lines, the situation is probably different, but in northern Angola, the U.P.A. guerrillas move almost at will and there is apparently nothing Portuguese aviation can do about it. If the Portuguese send in troops, they will be fighting at a disadvantage despite their superior equipment, for the nationalists know the virtually roadless terrain, have the support of the local population, and, as guerrillas, can chose the time and place of combat. Though poorly equipped and untrained, the rebel groups I saw were determined and well organized. Holden Roberto recently stated that shortly after the September rains come, "The U.P.A. will be the absolute master of all the territory north of Luanda."

On the night of the burning of Fuessa, I was given a reed bed in one of the four remaining huts. At dawn Fidel woke me. "We had better go off into the forest," he announced. "The Portuguese usually come back the next day to see what fine things they've done. It's best not to be around." I readily agreed, but we decided to go first and see Kimbuaku—or what had been Kimbuaku the day before. There was nothing left but the charred pole skeletons of huts surrounding a pit dug by an exploding grenade. About thirty feet away we found a yard-long, drum-shaped aluminum case. On one side of it was a red label that read: "110 gallon Gasoline Bomb. Property of United States Air Force."

That evening we camped in the forest with about forty U.P.A. guerrillas and those of the civilian population of the three burned villages who had not already left for the Congolese refugee camps. Early next morning thirty-four U.P.A. soldiers and porters arrived from the north with a cargo of nineteen boxes of nine-millimeter cartridges, a few light automatic weapons, some bags of salt (something desperately needed in the south), and medicine. Directing the rebel convoy was Louis Inglês, a thirty-four-year-old former tailor and now U.P.A. military commander in the Santo António do Zaire region in the extreme northwest of Angola. The five hundred guerrillas of the area, he said, were fighting desperately, and were in dire need of heavier equipment.

Inglês, a soft-spoken man who has been a U.P.A. member since the party's founding in 1954, proudly recounted how the nationalists had blown up the bridges on the important coastal road between Luanda and Santo António, forcing the Portuguese to ship men by plane or boat. There were now three thousand Portuguese troops stationed in Santo António instead of the small

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garrison there before June. Inglês, however, was confident of ultimate nationalist victory, if not this year, then next. "You know," he said, "of course we suffer terribly, but the war is teaching us a lot—how to work together and accept discipline and sacrifices. When we get independence we won't be like the Congo."

Inglês passed out sheets of general instructions written in Kikongo and signed by Holden Roberto in Léopoldville. Among the ten points was an order demanding that each village select an individual to transmit information and receive U.P.A. commands. The man chosen was to express opinions "not according to his own views, but the views of the whole population." Another point warned against stealing by U.P.A. soldiers; a third stated that no item seized from the Portuguese should be kept. A fourth point urged cooperation and mutual respect between youth and elders; a fifth demanded that all money the rebels could lay their hands on be sent to the U.P.A.'s directors in Léopoldville because "if we do not have money our work for independence cannot continue."

NEXT MORNING Garcia and I departed for the Congo frontier, some sixty miles away by the route we were planning to follow. The first village we came to was a cluster of huts called Uga. The U.P.A. man there, Miguel Nonès, had been a cook in Léopoldville.

Over watery, home-grown coffee, I asked Nonès how the Portuguese administration had behaved in Uga. What he—and most other Angolans I talked to—resented most was the forced-labor system. I knew that Africans who could not prove they were supporting themselves and their families were obligated to become *contratados,* that is, to accept six-month "contracts" as workers on roads and plantations. They were supposed to be paid modest sums, fed, housed, and doctored. This was written into the "province's" laws and was public information. But according to Miguel, the laws had little bearing on reality. When the *chefe de posto,* the official most directly concerned with native policy, came down to Uga from his headquarters in Buela, he knew exactly how many workers were needed. Whether or not these workers were supporting themselves and their families did not concern him. Since many of the men at Uga had migrated to the Congo (while continuing to pay taxes to the Portuguese), where prospects were infinitely brighter, the *chefe de posto* would often take women and children from eight years old up. Miguel said the *chefe* of the Buela district was inspired by a kickback from the plantation owners.

In the Carmona coffee region, the *contratados* work from dawn to dusk every day except Sunday. If a worker fails to pick a pre-established quota of coffee, his (or her) hands are beaten until bloody with a wooden paddle called a *palmatória.*

Contratados' wages, though below twenty-five cents a day, are often withheld. Worse still, their six-month "contracts" are often renewed against their will for periods running into years.

Nonès's testimony was quietly given but his attitude undoubtedly was colored by U.P.A. propaganda and the bitterness that had accumulated since the killing began. Certainly there must be some humane employers, and many workers, known as *voluntarios,* can choose their own work. In outline, however, his testimony was corroborated by other Angolans I talked with, and by the testimony of Portuguese and foreign observers. Captain Henrique Galvão of *Santa Maria* fame, formerly a colonial inspector, sent in a report on Angola in 1947 which was so damning to the Portuguese administration that he was jailed. He noted that "only the dead are exempt from compulsory labor." And James Duffy, whose *Portuguese Africa* is the only scholarly study of the subject in English, found in 1959 that "the reality is pretty much the same as it was four hundred years ago: the indiscriminate use of Africans for Portuguese benefit."

The administration made sure its subjects paid taxes and worked by a system of passbooks. Aside from the taxes on huts, bicycles, and hunting guns, as well as many hidden taxes, there was even a charge of one hundred and thirty escudos (about $4.50) which had to be paid by a village for the right to have a native dance troop perform in the area I visited. Schools, though much more numerous than before, are still rare in northern Angola. Ninety-eight per cent of Angola's 4,500,000 natives are illiterate.

WE LEFT UGA, carefully avoiding the important Portuguese road linking Cuíma and Buela. From a distance we could hear the rumble of Portuguese Jeeps and trucks heading north to repair bridges the nationalists had blown up in March and April. I was told they were intent on recapturing Buela before the rainy season made the road impassable; they wanted to seal off the flow of arms, men, and communications from the other side of the Congo-Angola frontier.

Farther up the trail we met a group of five U.P.A. men who had been waiting for us. That evening we arrived at a rebel camp deep in the forest. About thirty guerrillas, their antique rifles leaning against trees, were sitting around, weaving mats, shelling peanuts, grinding manioc root into flour, or sleeping. A goat was slaughtered in my honor. Now and then a group would gather around someone who read aloud the U.P.A. newspaper, *La Nation Angolaise,* published sporadically in Léopoldville in Portuguese, French, and two African dialects. As before, I was struck by the friendliness and spontaneity of the Angolans.

Next day we again took the trail north, hoping to reach the frontier, some thirty miles away, by midnight. At dusk we reached Buela, a former Portuguese administrative center. The town, with its neat rows of mango trees bordering the wide,

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dusty main street, was in ruins and completely deserted except for a few stray dogs and goats. I was told it had been attacked in the night of March 22, a week after the beginning of the rebellion. Ten Portuguese, one of them a priest, were killed. The English missionaries were allowed to go safely south, I was informed.

The events at Buela underlined the savagery of a war in which neither side takes prisoners. If Angola was peaceful until last spring, it was enjoying the peace of a slave state. Now it is experiencing the violence of a slave rebellion. If the nationalists hack Portuguese noncombatants to death with their sinister, two-foot *katana* knives, the Portuguese, better equipped, do the same sort of thing on a larger scale. They are reliably reported to have lined up the entire population of suspect villages, marched them to the banks of a river, machine-gunned them all down, and watched their corpses float off to the crocodiles.

We left Buela in the dark; before midnight we passed the undemarcated Congolese frontier. We were to meet a U.P.A. gun-running truck at 2:00 A.M. It never came, so we set off on foot for the railroad station at Moerbeke. During the course of the morning, I was arrested by two drunken Congolese policemen and detained for two days. I feared the worst (newspapers exaggerate incidents so much), but they did me no harm.

My arrest was not surprising. Anybody—black or white—having anything to do with the U.P.A. is likely to be apprehended. At the present time the guide who showed us from Songa to the frontier is incarcerated in the district jail at Songololo. If the local Congolese authorities along the frontier are not in the pay of the Portuguese (and many share my opinion that they are), they behave as if they were.

After I had been transferred from the hands of the policemen to the subgovernor of the territory, my detention was agreeable enough. The subgovernor finally agreed to allow me to take the morning train back to Léopoldville. I had never thought that I would look on that troubled city as a center of civilization.

Where the Road Leads:

1. Jam on the Cote d'Azur

EDWARD T. CHASE

Cap Ferrat, France

About six o'clock any summer afternoon, the Côte d'Azur, that exotic land of the exposed navel, becomes one elephantine traffic jam from the Italian Riviera to Marseilles. Nice, combining many of the features of Coney Island and Thirty-fourth Street in Manhattan, succumbs to all but total paralysis. The example may be extreme, but the same sort of thing is happening in every country in Western Europe.

The statistics eloquently bear out what is clear to anyone who undertakes a motor trip around the Continent. European car registrations in the past decade have been increasing 237 per cent faster than in the United States. Western Europeans now own twenty-three million cars compared with only six million in 1951. France alone has more than five million cars. Last year more than 2.8 million new cars were added to Western Europe's total. Today one out of every thirteen Europeans has a car. The ratio is expected to reach one for every six or eight in the next ten years; in France it's about one to nine already. Congestion is bad enough now, but Western Europe would become a colossal nightmare should the ratio approach the current figure in America, a car for every third person.

Even as it is now, it is quite clear that Europe will require miracles of self-discipline to avoid the debasement of environment that has taken place in the United States. Europe is peculiarly vulnerable to most of the worst consequences of a boom in private automobile ownership since its communities, wonder of wonders, were designed for people, people on foot.

What must be most dismaying to those who love the towns and countryside of Europe is not the nerve-racking traffic jams that form incessantly and explosively. It is the irreversible consequences of massive automobile transportation. Apparently it takes people a long time to discern these effects—and even longer to make up their minds to do something about them. By now, alas, it is all a familiar story to us Americans, but Europeans cannot yet bring themselves to realize that their own

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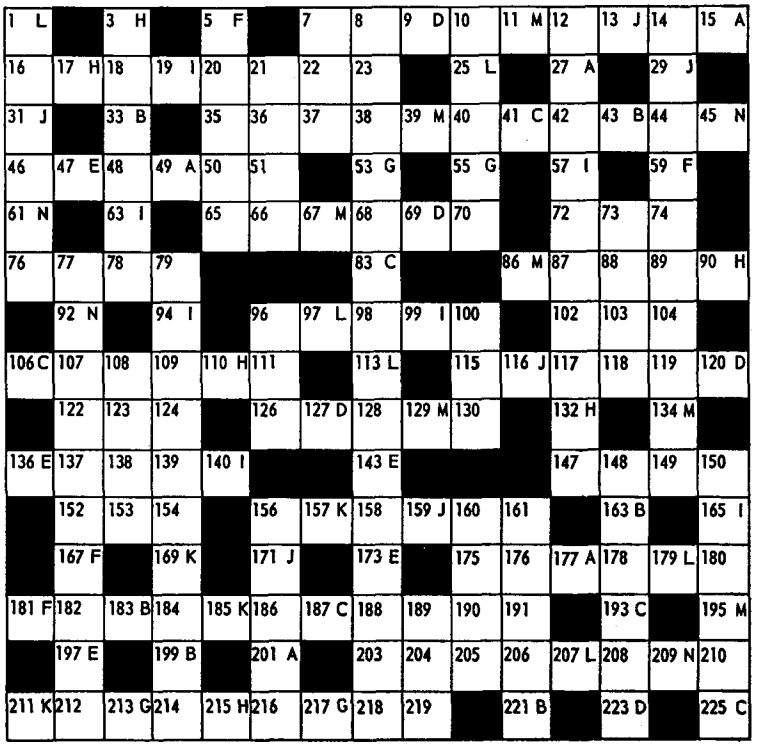
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 40

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person. the acrostician.



A. 15 49 201 27 177
Organization important to the Acrostician.

B. 43 221 183 199 33 163
Irish hero of the 3rd century.

C. 193 83 225 187 106 41
"_____ will fight; _____ will be right."
Lord Randolph Spencer Churchill, Letter.
(same word twice).

D. 127 69 120 9 223
Mercenary open to bribery.

E. 197 136 173 47 143
"But the Thousandth Man will stand by your side To the the gallows-foot-- and _____!" Kipling, "The Thousandth Man."

F. 5 59 167 181
Railroad station in Paris whence one may take the night sleeper to London.

G. 53 217 55 213
A knot or complication in a drama.

H. 17 3 90 132 110 215
"If to be _____ were to be away from thee."
Richard Lovelace, "To Lucasta"

I. 165 57 140 99 63 19 94
A back door or gate.

J. 116 29 159 13 171 31
"An _____ of the _____ s; as touching the Law, a Pharisee." Philippians.

K. 185 157 211 169
_____ Glendower. I Henry IV.

L. 1 207 179 25 97 113 Pressing.

M. 86 67 39 129 195 134 11
Anas platyrhynchos.

N. 61 92 209 45
"The _____ of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of each and every town or city," Holmes, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Across

7. A short street and a short road's criteria.
16. A tarran up at first or last. He told a good story.
35. Sort of realtor they count against in baseball. (5,6)
46. Show that you can take or leave.
65. Rents are less to AE, the poet.
72. Go up to see a piece of machinery.
76. Where Cuzco is in Upper Uruguay.
86. As dim as a symbol of avarice.
96. Miss Stewart of early films — only one in the American National Theater Academy.
102. Nip a little boy or girl.
106. Forever poetically bird at ease.
115. No rich centaur skilled in medicine.
122. A unit in or about a Southern capital.
126. Lets five in but remains lissome. (Alt. sp.)
136. Cultivates agrarian properties.
147. States backwards and forwards in easy assays.
152. Beverage you have heard as support on the course.
156. I was a bee around this land of the Hohenstaufens!
175. It sops up on pegs.
181. I'd sit on it and sort out crocked or twisted objects.
203. I.O.U. land in Space. (5,3)
211. Where suffrage counts but on one elects.

Down

1. To pun about war is to take off the cover.
3. Little brother may get enthusiastic about one more courageous.
5. Where Durban is native.
7. So tea is prescribed for a drunkard.
8. Arrant is no title to change from one alphabet to another.
10. Requires seeding when the G.I. leaves.
12. Cite riots as these enormities.
14. Uncomplimentary, surely, but a good railroad in its way.
21. Shiny black and gold enameled metalware used without the doctor in an old Model T.
73. Keep your aroma in good order.
77. A trailer tax causes an added courtroom hearing (5,5)
79. This Roman tunic is at least realistic.
96. A sea of Brass in Rome.
100. To scatter without rest will do.
108. A republic where to retire is not right.
148. Ann, you and Al make this flower every year.
150. Passer of fruit on shipboard carries arms.
156. Levantine hotel of sorts where one can arise late.
160. Common contraction packed in tins.
161. See all the spaces they take up on a cathedral!
189. So you make an adjectival suffix.

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rural vistas will soon be spoiled, along with village and city districts constructed to human scale rather than to the demands of efficient automotive transport. While billboards are now rather rare in Europe, the construction of ribbon roadside

slums is already under way, with the inevitable proliferation of auto junk yards, gas stations, and all the garish commercial structures that are supposed to be essential to exploitation of the transient trade. The atmosphere is being polluted with noise and fumes; and the epidemic of mutilation and death is far advanced on the typical two-lane open-access highways that offer no engineering protection against head-on collisions (the rate of France's automobile-accident toll is over twice that of the United States). Moreover, there are ample signs of a spreading surrender to the demands of the automobile for land-consuming highways and their expensive accouterments, ranging from parking facilities to police forces and lighting systems, all of which are absorbing a growing percentage of tax funds. These funds will be further strained, of course, as diminished rail travel requires compensating aid for the rail common carriers. Suburbia is also spreading out across Europe, with new shopping and commercial centers, motels (some are superb), and the reciprocal effects of "downtown decay" and rebuilding.

THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS has been closely charted in America. When a sizable fraction of the public is subjected to the kind of hell on earth Europeans are now confronting—five-kilometer traffic jams lasting hours as they return home, say, from the Côte d'Azur or Deauville or Chamonix-Mont-Blanc—the pressure to build limited-access highways *around* and *over* villages and cities is irresistible. At present France's famous "National Route 7" runs directly through ancient communities where a speed of five miles an hour is usual. But an ambitious fifteen-year road-modernization plan has already been drawn up. A national highway program like ours will surely come before long. Soon every village will be as easy to get to as every other village, and presumably it will not be long before every roadside will *look* just like every other roadside.

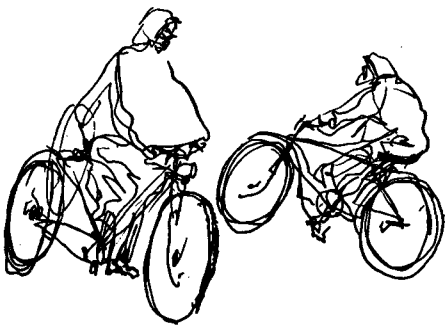
Two of the greatest insulating barriers in Western Europe are about to be overcome. Spurred by Great Britain's application for membership in the Common Market, various interests are pushing for a cross-Channel road link. One group proposes a $317-million tunnel which, at least at first, would transport automobiles on railway flatcars. A second group, which includes the head of the Union Routière de France, an association of automobile manufacturers and road users, proposes a multilane bridge for cars plus railways set on pylons 230 feet above the Channel. Sooner or later, it is clear, some sort of bridge or tunnel will be built. A second big barrier, the immense massif of Mont Blanc, Europe's greatest mountain, right on the French-Italian border, will be pierced in 1963 by the 7½-mile-long Mont Blanc motorcar tunnel.

It is fine to get where you're going in a hurry, but as we Americans have learned to our sorrow there are certain drawbacks to an environment created by and for automobiles, a cardinal one being waste—the devouring of space, of materials, of credit. The French geographer Jean Gottmann (who created the term "Megalopolis" in his study of the northeastern United States) observes that the very density of activities and the intensity of movement get to be so complex as to be out of control. Constructive, planned development becomes impossible. Things are aready beginning to reach this state in various areas of Western Europe.

What have we Americans learned from our experiences with the automobile that might help Europeans work out a plan of defense before the situation is irretrievable?

Perhaps the most fundamental principle is that appeasement is the sure way to disaster: greater investment and facilities to accommodate the automobile simply stimulate its use, swell its numbers, and quickly add to the very conditions requiring relief. More roads cannot in themselves ever solve the automotive transportation problem. As of the present, Europeans find it difficult to accept this bitter axiom. They will before long. They will come to realize that private automotive transportation must be zoned out of certain areas, as it surely will be in American cities—midtown Manhattan, for example, in this decade. (It is already fantastic the way European pedestrian sidewalks in the major resort areas are being preempted by parked cars, and with little apparent protest.)

There is a dawning realization in America—and it must come to Europe as the automobile boom accelerates—that a much higher proportion of the national income must be allotted to *public* transportation facilities, along with the preservation of open land, to planning and to demonstration projects, if there is to be any hope of arresting the deterioration of metropolitan areas and the general corruption of the environment. Europe still has some precious time for maneuver—at least while the ratio of car ownership to population is less than a fourth of



that in the United States. It might be profitable for some European authorities to go on guided tours in America in order to get over their awe at our magnificent freeways and see for themselves what roads can do to the areas they cross.

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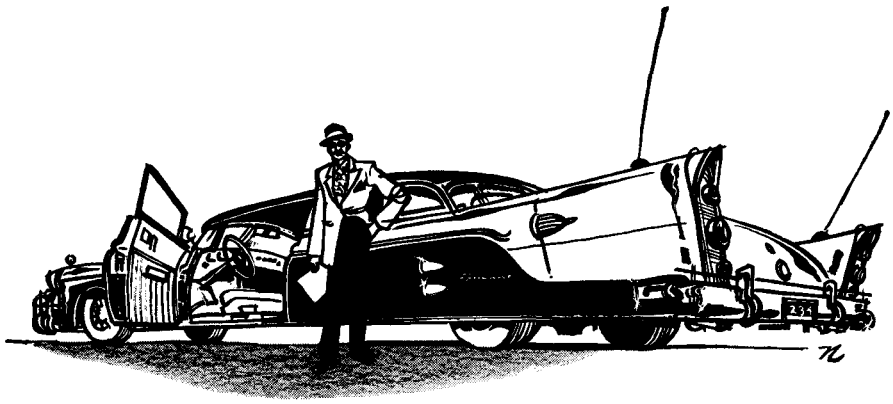

2. The Crunch of Concrete

FREDERICK GUTHEIM

AT THE END of a summer in which most of us have spent quite a lot of time on turnpikes and other modern highways, the Museum of Modern Art in New York has offered an exhibition on roads. Its seventy big photographs will be on tour during the next year or so, and the show should make its own modest contribution to the great debate that is going on in many cities where the social, aesthetic, and economic impact of new roads is being felt. The key issues are posed by those roads forming the $100-billion, 46,000-mile Federal Interstate System. In the hearts of cities, and as they cut through residential districts, these sixty-mile-an-hour engineering fantasies are shaping the form and function of our cities.

With relentless historical logic, the show at the museum illustrates the distinctive character of the modern highway. It is indeed a new thing. In some respects roads have changed little since the days of the Romans and the medieval pilgrimages. The straight military roads that Napoleon planted with trees to shade troops on the march could be built by any county today—minus the trees. But suddenly, about 1930, the high-speed, grade-separated, limited-access highway was born.

As designed by modern engineers and architects, the road has become almost independent of the landscape and the city-scape, fully capable in its own right of inspiring awe, pride, and terror. In its great scale, it is also capable of destroying all ordinary architecture and urban space. Perhaps roads have become what was dreamed of more than half a century ago, a sort of superarchitecture.

The climax of this provocative exhibition is the Helicoide, in Tarpeian Park, Caracas. Here the road design—pure expression of unhampered motion, realized by bulldozer and reinforced concrete—is fully integrated with the architecture. Jorge Romero Gutiérrez, the Venezuelan architect, has created a building built like a road—a roughly conical, layered hilltop shopping center—into which you drive as into a parking garage. The fact that this beehive is no aberration is suggested by a long patrimony that includes the "roadtown" conceived in 1910 by the erratic American inventor Edgar Chambless, in which the space under an elevated highway is used for housing; other theoretical projects by Le Corbusier and Frank Lloyd Wright; parking garages that are, in effect, coiled-up roads; and innumerable elevated urban expressways and bridge approaches in which three and four levels are commonplace today. An endless four-story building topped by a highway and related parking facilities winds through the heart of Tokyo.

The show ends with the speculation that such integration of roads and buildings can produce a new kind of architecture in which machines, shaping the land for human use, are directed by the designer's hand to create vast functional engineering structures to dwarf all building we have previously known. Some of the less fortunate results of this new development, as we can see already, are not pleasant to behold. The photograph of U.S. 40, approaching the Carquinez Bridge in California, shows circular ramps surrounding the pygmy-scale houses. (One can almost hear them crunched by the encircling concrete ramps.) Even large modern apartment houses are dwarfed by the scale of the Helicoide.

THE FULL RESOURCES of architectural design are seldom enlisted in the United States, but even the most ambitious examples from Italy and Germany offer little evidence that design alone will temper the irreconcilable and one-sided conflict being waged between so many American cities and the highway. Nor is there much hope that design can "humanize" the road except on its own terms—certainly not by buildings, as Roland Wank learned when he designed the New Jersey Turnpike.

Like bridges, roads have a functional beauty of their own. Perhaps they should be regarded as folk architecture or vernacular design—anonymous as Sibyl Moholy-Nagy has used the term. Seen photographed from the air, they have this character. But the show at the Modern Museum does not adequately explore other aspects of the highway as a possible thing of beauty—its relation to the landscape; how the world looks from the highway, particularly at high speeds; or how the road is seen by those who contemplate it merely as an object in the (generally urban) landscape.

If we are going to fill our cities throughout the world with elevated highways and three-decker interchanges, by all means let us design them well, and make something of them less brutal than is usually done. But let us reflect, too, on the capacity of these powerful images to form the human spirit. One of the most astounding capacities of modern roads, as illustrated by the carefully chosen photographs in this exhibition, is their ability to evoke emotion. They are made by men, but they also shape the lives of men.

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RECORD NOTES

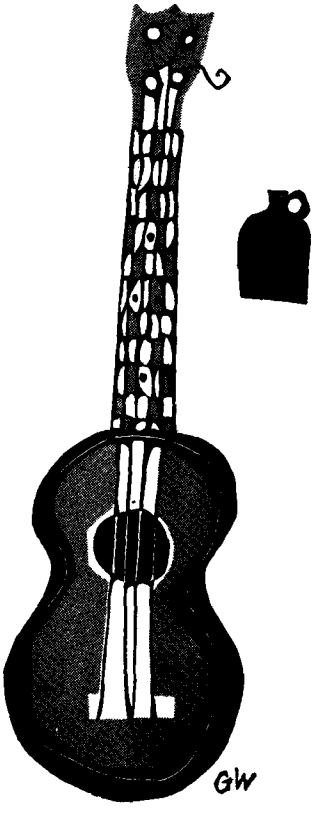
EZZ-THETICS. George Russell Sextet. (*Riverside 9375, $4.98; stereo $5.98.*)

OUT THERE. Eric Dolphy. (*Prestige/New Jazz, 8252, $4.98.*)

The new generation of jazzmen is both restless and much more thoroughly trained in classical theory than its predecessors were. The combination has resulted in a good deal of anxious experimentation, some of it self-consciously solemn. A refreshing indication that part of the avant-garde can stretch the jazz language without losing wit and warmth is this new program by George Russell.

There are three originals by Russell as well as pieces by Thelonius Monk and Miles Davis, and the interpretations range in mood from the tartly satirical to bounding lyricism and joyful blues. Russell plays spare, prodding piano, but the major instrumental interest comes from the crisply disciplined, venturesome trumpet of Don Ellis and the explosive alto saxophone and bass clarinet of Eric Dolphy.

Mr. Dolphy is much given to including speechlike cadences in his improvisations; and his harmonic boldness often leads him to the farthest reaches of a chord—and beyond—but he is also anchored in the blues and he always swings with a delight and abandon that would be recognizable to the earliest jazzmen in the New Orleans brass bands and the tent shows of the South and Southwest.



For more of Mr. Dolphy's stimulating portents of the jazz to come, there is his own *Out There,* which also features Ron Carter, the most resourceful jazz cellist so far. Mr. Carter does not treat the cello as if it were simply an oversize bass, but instead transforms his potentially ardent instrument into a hotly spontaneous addition to the small jazz string family. We still await, however, the first convincing modern jazz violinist.

THE WAYS OF THE LORD AND OTHER GREAT SPIRITUALS. Clara Ward. (*Dot 3365, $3.98; stereo 25365, $4.98.*)

THE TEMPLE BAPTIST CHOIR. (*American Culture 1, $5.35 postfree from American Culture, P.O. Box 5967, Cleveland 1, Ohio.*)

While Mahalia Jackson remains the most commanding of contemporary gospel singers, she has been somewhat muffled in her recent Columbia albums by the firm's eagerness to broaden the base of her audience. That concession to the sales department has surrounded Miss Jackson with characterless studio string orchestras and choirs that sound as if they've just come from recording a commercial for Revlon. Cultural integration can sometimes go too far.

For unalloyed, fiercely rocking gospel shouts as they are still heard in the "sanctified" churches, Miss Ward's newest celebration of the ways of the Lord is preferable to the current Jackson albums, although there is no soloist in the Ward entourage equal to Miss Jackson in vibrant, enveloping warmth. These performances do, however, project an uninhibited, contagious exuberance and gleeful urgency that make most of our mechanized "pop" music (much of it now derived from gospel rhythms) sound all the more disemboweled. This record might serve as revealing therapy for teen-agers who are drawn to rock 'n' roll because of its beat. The pulsation in Miss Ward's leaps into faith is related to rock 'n' roll in much the way as sour-mash bourbon is to iced tea.

The exclamatory passion of the

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MUSIC OF JEROME KERN & IRVING BERLIN — Stanley Black Orch. Smoke Gets In Your Eyes; The Touch Of Your Hand; I've Told Every Little Star; The Way You Look Tonight; and others.
(4) Mono: B20011

MARCHES OF THE WORLD — Robert Stolz — Vienna Sym. Orch. Stars And Stripes; Entry Of The Gladiators; Madelon; Goodbye, My Little Captain; others.
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MAMBO PARTY — Edmundo Ros and His Orchestra. Mambo No. 5; More More Mambo; Chivi Rico; Anything Can Happen; Mambo Negro; and others.
(6) Mono: B20022

LATIN CARNIVAL — Edmundo Ros and His Orchestra. If At First You Don't Succeed; The Fidgety Samba; and others.
(7) Mono: B20023

MARCH TIME IN VIENNA — Vienna Police Band. Schönfeld Marsch; Kaiserjäger-Marsch; Hoch und Deutschmeister; Mit Klingendem Spiel; and others.
(8) Mono: B20035

THE VILLAGE BAND — Band of Radio Vorarlberg. Auf geht's — Walzer; Heimkehrer — Polka; Ballklänge — Marsch; Sorgenlos — Walzer; and others.
(9) Mono: B20041

THE MILLION SELLERS — Frank Chacksfield and His Orchestra. Jealousy; Stardust; Sentimental Journey; Friendly Persuasion; My Prayer; Laura; others.
(10) Mono: B20045 (10S) Stereo: S30045

George Gershwin: PORGY AND BESS. Frank Chacksfield and His Orchestra. Summertime; Bess, You Is My Woman; Jerome Kern; SHOW BOAT. Make Believe; Bill; Ol' Man River; and others.
(11) Mono: B20059 (11S) Stereo: S30059

THE BEST OF COLE PORTER—Frank Chacksfield and His Orchestra. I Love Paris; Easy To Love; Begin The Beguine; In The Still Of The Night; and others.
(12) Mono: B20066 (12S) Stereo: S30066

GREAT STRAUSS WALTZES — Frank Chacksfield and His Orchestra. The Blue Danube; Tales From The Vienna Woods; A Thousand And One Nights; and others.
(13) Mono: B20073 (13S) Stereo: S30073

CHA CHA CHA — Chachito Perez and His Orchestra. El Chivirico Negrito; El Tapajoz; Bacchanal; Bailando El Cha Cha Cha; Que Rico El Cha Cha Cha; others.
(14) Mono: B 20075

EBB TIDE — Frank Chacksfield and His Orchestra. Ebb Tide; Smoke Gets In Your Eyes; Boulevard Of Broken Dreams; Love By Starlight; Among My Souvenirs; Red Sails In The Sunset; Limelight; others.
(15) Mono: B20078 (15S) Stereo: S30078

THE MUSIC OF KETELBEY—The New Sym. Orch. of London—Stanford Robinson with Chorus. In A Monastery Garden; In The Mystic Land Of Egypt; others.
(16) Mono: B20083

GREAT THEMES FOR PIANO — Fred Hartley. Warsaw Concerto; Theme From Limelight; Gigi; Liebestraum; Autumn Concerto; On The Beach; and others.
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(18) Mono: B20088

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(19) Mono: B20095 (19S) Stereo S30095

BIG BAND GERSHWIN — Ted Heath and His Music. The Man I Love; Love Walked In; Nice Work If You Can Get It; Love Is Here To Stay; and others.
(20) Mono: B20096

Theme from CARNIVAL and other Broadway and Hollywood Hits—Frank Chacksfield and his Orchestra. Theme from Carnival; Broadway Melody; and others.
(21) Mono: B20100

HAMMOND SENSATIONS—Klaus Wunderlich. Hammond Organ and Rhythm Group. Deep Purple It's Only A Paper Moon; Organ Riff; and others.
(22) Mono: TP2506

MARCH TIME IN GERMANY—Band of the Berlin Guard. Alte Kameraden (Old Comrades) Preussens Gloria (Glory of Prussia); Radetzkymarsch; and others.
(23) Mono: TP2508

ENCHANTED TANGOS — Bela Sanders and His Orchestra. A Media Luz; Tango Espagnol; Olé Guapa; and others.
(24) Mono: TP2509

POLKA AND WALTZ TIME IN BOHEMIA — Ernst Mosch and His Bohemian Band. Nur ein halbes Stündchen (Only One Half Hour); and others.
(25) Mono: TP2511

BEER 'N BRASS — Bohemian Polkas & Waltzes — Ernst Mosch & His Bohemian Band. Egerland Heimatland; Festewalzer; Ach, ich liebe dich; and others.
(26) Mono: TP2515

SO EASY TO LOVE — Werner Müller and His Orchestra. The Hawaiian Wedding Song; It's Not For Me To Say; Easy To Love; Hot Toddy; and others.
(27) Mono: TP2517 (27S) St. TPS12517

CLASSICAL

Stravinsky: PETRUSHKA—Orchestra de la Suisse Romande—Ernest Ansermet.
(28) Mono: B19015

BEETHOVEN OVERTURES: LEONORA No. 3 THE CONSECRATION OF THE HOUSE; EGMONT; FIDELIO; CORIOLAN. London Phil. Orch.—van Beinum.
(29) Mono: B19026

SYMPHONIC MARCHES—Elgar: POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE MARCHES Nos. 1-4; London Symphony Orch.— Warwick Braithwaite. Elgar: POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE MARCH No. 5. National Symphony Orch.— Sir Malcolm Sargent. Elgar: IMPERIAL MARCH. Meyerbeer: CORONATION MARCH. Saint-Saëns: MARCHE MILITAIRE FRANCAISE. Halvorsen: ENTRY OF THE BOYARDS. London Philharmonic Orch.—Harrison.
(30) Mono: B19029

Beethoven: VIOLIN CONCERTO—Ruggiero Ricci—London Phil. O.—Boult.
(31) Mono: B19034

Mendelssohn: A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—INCIDENTAL MUSIC. Schubert: ROSAMUNDE — INCIDENTAL MUSIC—Concertgebouw Orch. of Amsterdam—Eduard van Beinum.
(32) Mono: B19035

Sibelius: SYMPHONY No. 5; KARELIA SUITE—Danish Radio Sym. O.— Erik Tuxen; Thomas Jensen.
(33) Mono: B19036

Beethoven: SYMPHONY No. 6—London Philharmonic Orch.— Erich Kleiber.
(34) Mono: B19037

Brahms: HUNGARIAN DANCES, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 10. Dvorák: SLAVONIC DANCES, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 16.— Hamburg Radio Orch.— Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt.
(35) Mono: B19038

Brahms: SYMPHONY No. 3—Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam—Szell.
(36) Mono: B19050

Beethoven: SYMPHONY No. 3—"Eroica" Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Kleiber.
(37) Mono: B19051

Beethoven: SYMPHONY No. 7—Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam—Kleiber.
(38) Mono: B19054

Vivaldi: THE FOUR SEASONS—Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra; Karl Münchinger.
(39) Mono: B19056

Beethoven: PIANO CONCERTO No. 3—Wilhelm Backhaus—Vienna Phil. Orch. —Karl Böhm.
(40) Mono: B19063

Tchaikovsky: NUTCRACKER SUITE, No. I and II—The Paris Conservatory Orch. —Anatole Fistoulari.
(41) Mono: B19065

Beethoven: PIANO CONCERTO No. 5—"Emperor"—Wilhelm Backhaus—V.P.O. —Clemens Krauss.
(42) Mono: B19072

Rachmaninoff: RHAPSODY ON A THEME OF PAGANINI. Dohnanyi: VARIATIONS ON A NURSERY TUNE—Julius Katchen, Piano—L.P.O.—Sir Adrian Boult.
(43) Mono: B19076

Mozart: REQUIEM IN D MINOR, K. 626—Josef Krips conducting The Vienna Hofmusikkapelle. With Soloists.
(44) Mono: B19077

Beethoven: SYMPHONY No. 9 "Choral" —Hilde Gueden, soprano; Sieglinde Wagner, contralto; Anton Dermota, tenor; Ludwig Weber, bass. Der Singverein der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, Vienna. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Kleiber.
(45) Mono: B19083

Tchaikovsky: THE SLEEPING BEAUTY Comp. The Paris Cons. Orch.—Fistoulari.
(46) Mono: 2 records BA42001

Bach: BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS—Comp. Stutt. Cham. Orch. — Münchinger.
(47) Mono: 2 records BA42002

Tchaikovsky: THE SWAN LAKE—Complete—London Sym. Orch.—Fistoulari.
(48) Mono: 2 records BA42003

Bach: ST. MATTHEW PASSION—Complete—Kathleen Ferrier (contralto); Elsie Suddaby (soprano); Eric Green (tenor); Henry Cummings (bass); Gordon Clinton bass); William Parsons (bass); Bruce Boyce (bass); Bach Choir.—The Jacques Orchestra, cond. by Dr. Reginald Jacques.
(49) Mono: 3 records BA43001

Dvorák: 'CELLO CONCERTO IN B MINOR—Ludwig Hoelscher, 'Cello. Hamburg State Philhar. Orch.—Keilberth.
(50S) Stereo: TCS 18022

Lehar: THE MERRY WIDOW — Highlights—Soloists, Chorus and Grand Operetta Orchestra—Wilhelm Stephan. Benatzky: THE WHITE HORSE INN — Highlights—Soloists, Chorus and Grand Operetta Orchestra—Willy Mattes. Zeller: DER VOGELHANDLER (The Bird Seller) —Highlights—Soloists, Chorus and Orch. of The Bavarian Broadcasting; W. Mattes.
(51) Mono: TC8029

Lehar: THE LAND OF SMILES—Highlights—NDR Symphony Orch. of Hamburg Müller-Lampertz. Lehar: DER ZAREWITSCH (The Crown Prince) — Highlights—Strauss: THE GYPSY BARON—Highlights — Strauss: A NIGHT IN VENICE — Highlights — Sonja Schöner; Heinz Hoppe; The Günther Arndt-Choir. The FFB Orchestra—Müller-Lampertz.
(52) Mono: TC8030 (52S) St. TCS18030

Bruckner: SYMPHONY No. 9 IN D MINOR—Hamb. State Symph. Keilberth.
(53) Mono: TC8043 (53S) St. TCS18043

Mozart: CONCERTO IN C FOR FLUTE AND HARP, K. 299—CONCERTO No. 2 FOR FLUTE, K. 314—ANDANTE FOR FLUTE AND ORCHESTRA, K. 315—The Munich Bach-Orch.—Karl Richter.
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Temple Baptist Choir is simply a larger, equally inflammable version of the Clara Ward Singers. This bristling Cleveland church chorus was recorded by Bill Randle, a former disc jockey, who is now a student and teacher of American culture. He has documented here an especially active and richly indigenous aspect of that culture.

JUDY GARLAND. At Carnegie Hall. (*Capitol WBO-1569, $9.98; stereo SWBO-1569, $11.98.*)

Judy Garland is thirty-nine and matronly, but her voice and style remain zestfully young. This is a two-volume record of a tumultuously successful Carnegie Hall concert by Miss Garland this past April, and it is also a specific illustration of that usually ineffable term, "star quality." It is true that in the tradition of Al Jolson, the emotions are sometimes larger than in most conceivable lives and the vibrato is wide enough to sink a less authoritative performer. But there is also an enormous vitality in Miss Garland's singing and a sweeping romanticism that is glowingly suited to such songs as "Over the Rainbow," "The Man That Got Away," "San Francisco," and "Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart."

A prevalent theory is that Frank Sinatra remains nonpareil as a male popular singer because he believes the lyrics he dramatizes and actually imagines himself a Cole Porter hero (with a dash of Dumas). Similarly, Miss Garland sings with absolute conviction; and it is a measure of her skill and gusto that she too can make her songs believable, from the smoldering torch laments to the jubilees. She also posseses a sure if italicized sense of dynamics that leads to swooping climaxes and hushed valleys in between.

The very bigness of Miss Garland's voice and her unabashed enthusiasm are of another show-business era. By contrast, most of her younger contemporaries seem to be puppets. In any case, this is a vivid performance by a major animator of popular music. Throughout there is the constant added excitement of still latent power, the kind of self-confidence that used to spur Jolson to crow, "You ain't heard nothin' yet!" —NAT HENTOFF

BOOKS

The World Outside

GORE VIDAL

CLOCK WITHOUT HANDS, by Carson McCullers. *Houghton Mifflin. $4.*

It is hard to believe that twenty-one years have passed since *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter,* Carson McCullers' first novel, was published. In those war years McCullers was *the* young writer. She was an American legend from the beginning, which is to say that her fame was as much a creation of publicity as of talent. The publicity was the work of those fashion magazines where a dish of black-eyed peas can be made to seem the roe of some rare fish, photographed by Avedon; yet McCullers' dreaming androgynous face, looking out at us from glossy pages, in its ikon elegance subtly confounded the chic of the lingerie ads all about her.

Unlike too many other "legends," her talent was as real as her face. Though she was progenitress to much "Southern writing" (one can name a dozen writers who would not exist in the way they do if she had not written in the way she did), she had a manner all her own. Her prose was chaste and severe and realistic in its working out of narrative. I suspect that of all the Southern writers, she is the most likely to endure, though her vision is by no means as large or encompassing as that, say, of Faulkner, whom she has the grace to resemble not at all.

SOUTHERN WRITING—we have had such a lot of it in the last thirty years! Novelist after novelist has come to us out of the South, and there is no doubt that the Southern gift for the novel is as real as the Southern town, where family groups are more concentrated and less mobile than in the North. The Industrial Revolution was a long time coming South, and until recently the young Southerner was not apt to be thrown into the commercial world quite so soon or so fiercely as his Northern counterpart. But above all, there are the stories. Southerners talk and talk, tell and tell. In the rural areas, spinning long intricate stories of character is still a social skill. Up North, everyday conversation is mostly the repeating of the generalized anecdote: you know the one about this man who met this woman who . . . In the South, it is: When your cousin Hattie, she was Eula's stepsister, which makes her second cousin to James Edward, had to quit her job at the Court House after the fire, she met the Tutwiler boy, the one who tried to kill his father Memorial Day. . . . They talk in chronicles and annals. They talk in novels. It is not that life is more interesting in the South than elsewhere. Rather it is the pleasure the people take in talking of neighbors and kin; the long memories and the delight in pondering that vast web of relationship which for three centuries has spun itself (white web!) over the red earth of what was wilderness.

From the beginning the South was provincial and middle-class. Its continuing delusion of aristocracy began before the Civil War, when the novels of Sir Walter Scott took the plantation owners (and the not too many others who could read) by storm. Deliberately and disastrously, they modeled themselves on the folk of Scott's imagination. Faulkner's Sartoris is drawn not from fact but from Scott. Yet this lunatic dream of blue blood and inner grace is useful to an imaginative child. I doubt if there is a Southerner alive who has not been told in youth by at least one female relative, "Never forget WHO you are!" And who is this WHO? Just a plain respectable middle-class child, usually of a lower-income group, with nothing grander in his family tree than a doctor or a lawyer or maybe an itinerant

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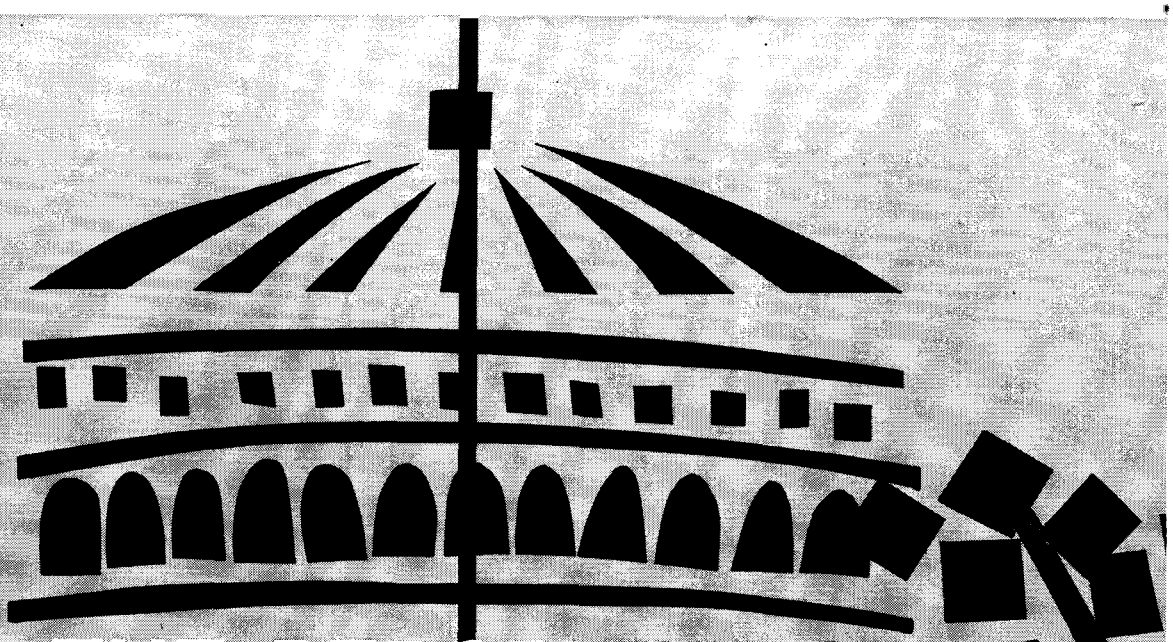

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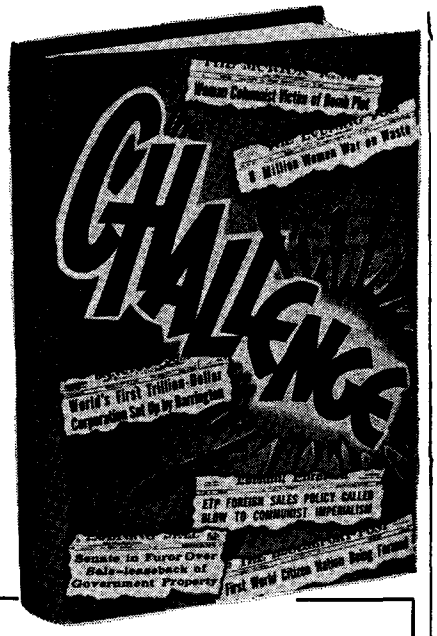

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preacher. Yet to be told that you are, through blood, a Somebody starts a magic in the veins, starts dreams of empire and dominion, dreams of making; and if the balance is right, in time the dream becomes reality and art *is* made.

THE FIRST THING to remark in McCullers is her style. From Wolfe to Faulkner, most Southern writing has tended to windy rhetoric of the "lost, lost and by the wind grieved" sort that I find detestable. I can read very little of Wolfe, and much of the admirable Faulkner is ruined for me by that terrible gaseous prose (he went the length of *Requiem for a Nun,* obsessively using "euphemistic" for "euphonious"). McCullers writes in exact prose closer to the Flaubert of *Un Coeur Simple* than to *Absalom, Absalom!* But her material is intensely Southern. She has had at times a passion for the extreme situation and the gratuitous act (*The Ballad of the Sad Café, Reflections in a Golden Eye*), but though I now and then question her intent, her means have always saved her. She gets entirely within the event told. There is never a false note. Technically, it is breath-taking to watch her set a scene and then dart from character to character, opening up in a phrase, a line, a life. It is marvelous, but . . .

But. Twenty-one years is a long time. *The Member of the Wedding,* her last novel until now, was published in 1946. During those fifteen years other writers have come and gone. New attitudes, new follies, new perceptions have occurred to us. But most important, the world of the private vision which was her domain has been more and more intruded upon by the public world which threatens to destroy, literally, the actual world. Worse, though it may not do this final thing, the threat of extinction has made many doubt the worth of art. If the planet becomes an empty desert, why make anything, knowing it will soon be no more than a grain or two in the never-to-be-noticed dust? Not every writer of course has this apocalyptic vision, nor does a writer necessarily find the thought of the world's end any reason for not making what he wants to make in the present, which is all. But the thing *is* there, public and menacing and chilling the day. It is hard not to take it into account.

In her new novel, *Clock Without Hands,* Carson McCullers acknowledges the public world for the first time in her work. Though her response is uneasy and uncertain, it is good to note that she writes as well as ever, with all the old clarity and fine tension. But the book is odd, and it is so because what has always been the most private of responses has been rudely startled and bemused by the world outside. The changing South. The Supreme Court decision. Integration. The aviator as new man. All these things crop up unexpectedly in her narrative. One cannot say she handles these things badly; it is just that they do not quite fit her story of a gross old man (judge and white supremacist), his grandson (flier, adolescent, perceptive), a dying druggist named Malone (who unexpectedly tries to stop a lynching), and a colored youth (mad with hurt and self-delusion: is he really Marian Anderson's son left by her in a pew of a church in this Georgia town?). The four characters interact. They are explored. They come alive. Yet one is not convinced by the story told. Symbolically, is it true or merely pat?

At the book's end, the old judge, enraged by the Supreme Court decision, goes on radio to denounce the Court, but in his dottiness and great age he cannot recall anything to say except, word for word, the Gettysburg Address. Are we to take that as the South's last gasp as a new order begins? If so, I don't believe it.

McCullers of course is free to make whatever she wants of a public situation. One quarrels not with her view of things, which is after all intuitive, not literal, but with the effect that publicness has had on her art. Everything is thrown slightly out of kilter. She is not the only writer to suffer in this way. More and more of our private artists have fallen silent in the last twenty years, unable to cope with a world which has thrust itself upon their imagination like some clumsy-hooved animal loose in a garden. But even this near failure of McCullers is marvelous to read, and her genius for prose remains one of the few satisfying achievements of our second-rate culture.

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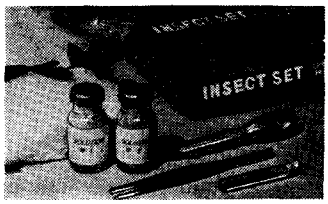

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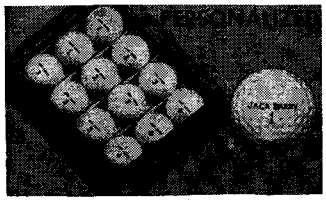

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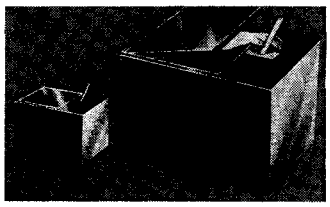

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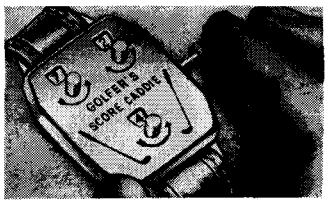

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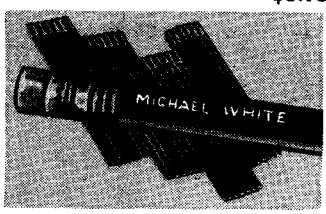

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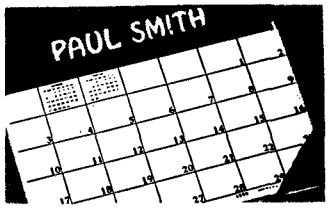

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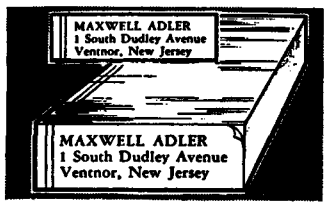

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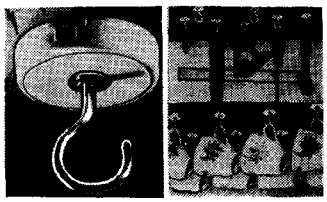

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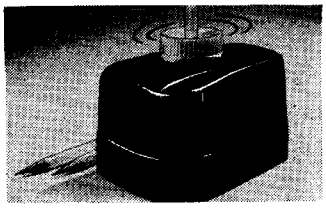

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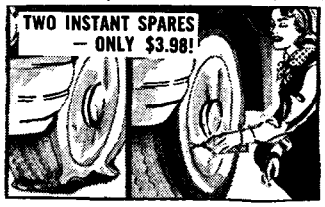

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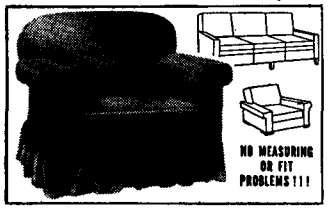

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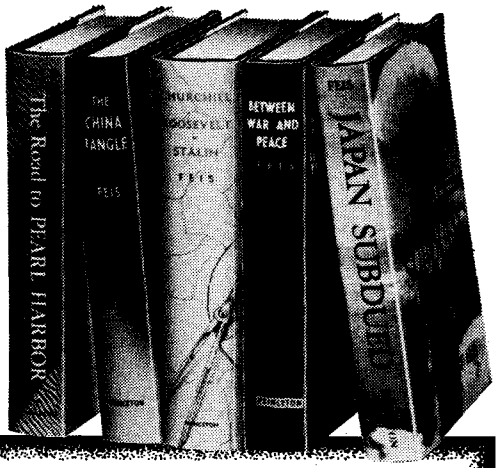

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The difficulty of writing an accurate and comprehensive history of modern painting may be gauged by the fact that none exists. Although more than fifty years separate us from the death of Cézanne and the beginnings of abstract art, we still tend to think of the principal figures of the modern movement as occupying a place in the foreground of our cultural life. If they are no longer exactly contemporary, they are not yet completely historical. It is a little shocking to realize that artistic developments that took place at the time of the Dreyfus case, the First World War, the Russian Revolution, the Weimar Republic, and the New Deal have not yet been given a historical shape that places them in a coherent and meaningful relation both to each other and to the world.

There are, I believe, two reasons for this situation. The first is political. Modern painting has been an international phenomenon, but its history has been largely written out of nationalist commitments. Bounded at one geographical extreme in Moscow (in the period just before and after the Russian Revolution) and at the other in New York, the most significant modern art centered in Paris, Berlin, and Munich, and a great deal of importance took place in Vienna, Zurich, London, Brussels, Barcelona, Milan, Dessau, and Oslo. The internationalist character of the modern movement was still an article of faith among the cognoscenti of the 1920's. In the great days of the American *Dial* after the First World War, for example, its editors reproduced the artists of Central and Northern Europe (Munch, Klimt, and Kokoschka) together with the leading personalities of the School of Paris, exactly as they published Thomas Mann alongside Gide and Valéry. But the war and the Versailles Treaty had already begun to undermine a clear view of this

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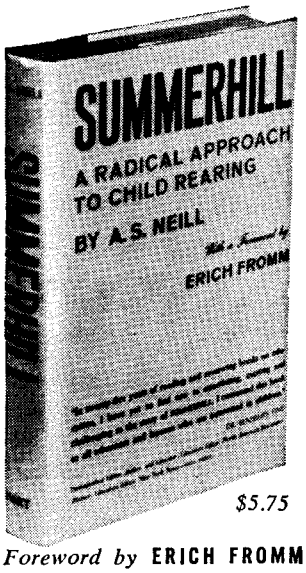

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Foreword by **ERICH FROMM**

THE UNIQUE book described on this page may alter your entire life and affect forever the happiness of yourself and your children. When you read SUMMERHILL: *A Radical Approach to Child Rearing*, you may get the shock of your life — for this meaningful book will challenge your most cherished beliefs about how to bring up a child!

Here is the fascinating story of Summerhill, a school in England which has been in operation for forty years—perhaps the most revolutionary school in the world — *a school where children don't even attend classes unless they want to!* Yet this school produces youngsters whose academic achievement is high, and whose emotional stability is unparalleled!

A. S. Neill, Summerhill's headmaster, bluntly declares that most parents make a mess of the job of raising children. What's more, he says, our accepted ways of discipline — our traditional ideas about respect — our taken-for-granted notions about how to teach morals — are positively evil. As a result, we often produce children who are a trial to their parents, a trial to their teachers and even a trial to themselves—and who in later life throng the offices of psychiatrists.

Every parent knows the child who whines, who resentfully breaks things, who nags, who becomes painfully bored, and who has overpowering spells of unhappiness. As a parent, you are often at a loss to know whether you're too easy with your child or too hard. In despair, you wonder what is wrong with the way you handle him. Perhaps you seek counsel; but despite the talk, despite the worry, you seldom find the answer which yields an effective change.

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Is there a better way to rear and educate children? Yes, says Mr. Neill, the way it's done at Summerhill! Here is a school which turns out genuinely contented and productive youngsters. These boys and girls do *not* make the impossible demands on their parents that other children do. Brought up in an atmosphere of love and approval — without adult pressure — Summerhill's *self*-disciplined children grow up to be a joy to their parents and a lasting joy to themselves.

Don't misunderstand. Neill does not advocate that we permit our children to run all over us. He is positively wrathful against parents who permit children to rule the roost, to wantonly interrupt adult conversation, to stalk into the living room and turn on the television set regardless of whether that annoys others present. He doesn't believe that we should coddle our children so that they dominate their parents and others around them.

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A. S. NEILL, ***headmaster of Summerhill, speaks on parents, children, and the education of both. Here are a few passages from the text of*** **SUMMERHILL:**

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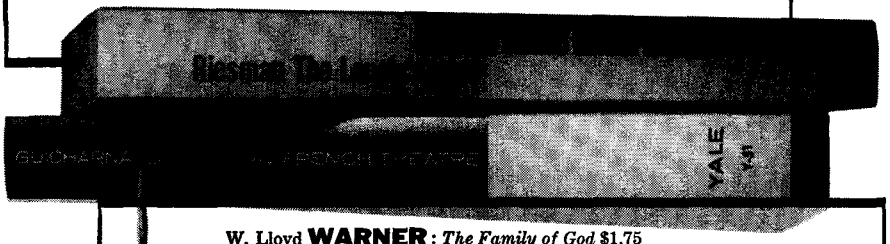

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recent highlights

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history in less sophisticated quarters, and the successive campaigns waged against modernism by Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini finally isolated the modern movement in Paris.

By the 1930's Paris alone was both politically free and aesthetically hospitable. Foreign artistic circles (such as those in London and New York) that looked to Paris for their aesthetic intelligence had to narrow their focus. Modern art came to consist largely of what was reproduced in the annual volumes of the *Cahiers d'Art* and other French publications. When Paris fell to Hitler in 1940 and the leading personalities of the School of Paris moved to New York to sit out the war, the focus shifted again and New York emerged as an influential center. After the war, the writing of twentieth-century art history was chiefly concerned with this Paris-New York axis, and there was an understandable tendency to make the past conform to the interests of the present.

The negative side of this history may be seen in the fact that a painter of the stature of Kokoschka—in my estimation, one of the great figures of our century—lived out the war years in England in something close to total obscurity. Even a few months ago, when the French novelist Michel Butor wrote that he considered Kokoschka as "certainly the greatest portrait painter in Western art since Lautrec, Cézanne, and Van Gogh," his remark was made with an air of daring and originality.

The second reason for this situation is the peculiar relation that now obtains between critical and commercial values. To enter officially into an international art history, a modern artist must first compete successfully on the international art market. He must have the support of an official agency, such as the Museum of Modern Art in New York or the British Council in London, or of a powerful art dealer (and chances are that if he enjoys the support of the latter, he will have the backing of the former), who will naturally prefer those artists who work in a style that is internationally negotiable in both an aesthetic and a financial sense. So long as histories and critical monographs are written from a purely local and national point of

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view, it is possible for artists who fall outside the limits of international fashion to receive serious attention: this is the virtue of a narrow commitment that in other respects leads to critical distortion. But attempts to write a truly international —which is to say, a comprehensive— history of the modern movement tend to become mere reflections of current international styles.

DR. HAFTMANN'S *Painting in the Twentieth Century,* published now in two stout volumes and surveying the whole development of painting from the turn of the century to just the other day, is the most successful attempt I have seen at establishing the correct historical contours of the modern movement. Being a German, its author has not fallen prey to the notion that Paris alone has made the most significant contributions to painting in the twentieth century. At the same time, he has not succumbed to the temptation that so often disfigures the writings of his compatriots, namely, the practice of inflating German achievements at the expense of everyone else's. (Indeed, it strikes me that Dr. Haftmann's distortions are all at the opposite extreme. It is disappointing to see him dismiss so prodigious a painter as Lovis Corinth with a few patronizing phrases.) By and large, the result is a generous account of artists, movements, and styles that ranges over the whole map of Europe and America. In historical scope, intellectual energy, and factual inclusiveness, we have had nothing like it before.

The image of modern painting that emerges from this account is a far more interesting, varied, and extensive one than any writer on art has given us in a long time. To elucidate the highly dramatic and anxiety-ridden art of the Norwegian Munch, to spell out the aesthetics of Fauvism and Cubism along with the motives of Expressionism, to delve into the fantasy of isolated eccentrics like Ensor while clearly placing movements and organizations as diverse as Orphism, the Bauhaus, the Camden Town Group, the Ash Can School, and the Abstraction-Création group—to handle these and dozens of other subjects in so orderly a manner is a very large

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accomplishment. Dr. Haftmann connects artistic events in America, England, and Russia with the main stream of Continental art in a way that I believe has never been done before, certainly not on this scale.

Moreover, his method permits him (and us) to follow the individual development of the major artists throughout the various twists and turns of movements and countermovements, decade after decade, and to relate them to the hundreds of minor figures whose work completes a very rich and complicated panorama. His chapters, numbering 374 in Volume I alone, are brief and precise. At times they deal with particular personalities, at times with groups and theoretical formulations, Taken together they form a kaleidoscope of artistic achievement that is consistently interesting. Inevitably there are repetitions and redundancies, but one never loses one's way in the vast mass of historical, biographical, and critical material.

Dr. Haftmann's book goes far toward restoring a comprehensive view of the modern movement, transcending the national parochialism that has so frequently marred writing of this kind in the past. Yet, having accomplished so much, the author nonetheless fails to free himself from the entanglements of current fashion. He clears the first hurdle only to come crashing down on the second. The original German edition of this book, published in 1954, gave very little attention to postwar painting in England and America. The abstract painters from these countries who now figure prominently in the English-language edition had nearly all done their characteristic work before that date, but it had not yet been successfully launched on the international market. In the interim it is the art market and its attendant publicity that has changed, not the art itself.

Moreover, Dr. Haftmann has himself been a moving force in the recent Documenta exhibitions at Kassel, which now rival the Venice Biennale and the Carnegie International as places where reputations are established for the purposes of international dealing. His account of painting since 1945 is more a reflection of his bureaucratic activities (and the activities of official organizations in London, Paris, and New York) than of a disinterested critical judgment. As his history moves into the present and thus into the arena of his own official duties as an impresario, one follows the account with a good deal of skepticism.

Physically, the two volumes of *Painting in the Twentieth Century* are handsome to the eye but rather clumsy in the hand. The first volume is nearly all text, relieved only by photographic portraits of some outstanding artists. The second volume is devoted to illustrations with additional commentaries. The illustrations do not altogether reflect the comprehensiveness of the text in Volume I and are therefore disappointing. One has a right to expect a publication of this scope to be definitive in its pictorial matter, particularly at this price, but Volume II is anything but that. The real value lies in the text of Volume I. It should be made available in a cheap edition, for it would be a pity to have a scholarly work of this order limited to a luxury market.

Farce In Terror

ALFRED KAZIN

Selected Tales, by Nikolai Leskov. Translated by David Magarshack. With an introduction by V. S. Pritchett. *Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $5.*

In 1934, when the Soviet composer Dmitri Shostakovitch had the distinction of outraging Stalin himself by the "formalism" and "decadence" of his opera *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk*, not much was heard of Nikolai Leskov (1831-1895), the author of the original story on which the opera was based. To read the story itself, in this welcome selection from Leskov's stories, is to realize not only what superb material for an opera it makes, but what an extraordinary artist in this curiously old-fashioned form of the long story or short novel Leskov must have been. I know that ours is supposed

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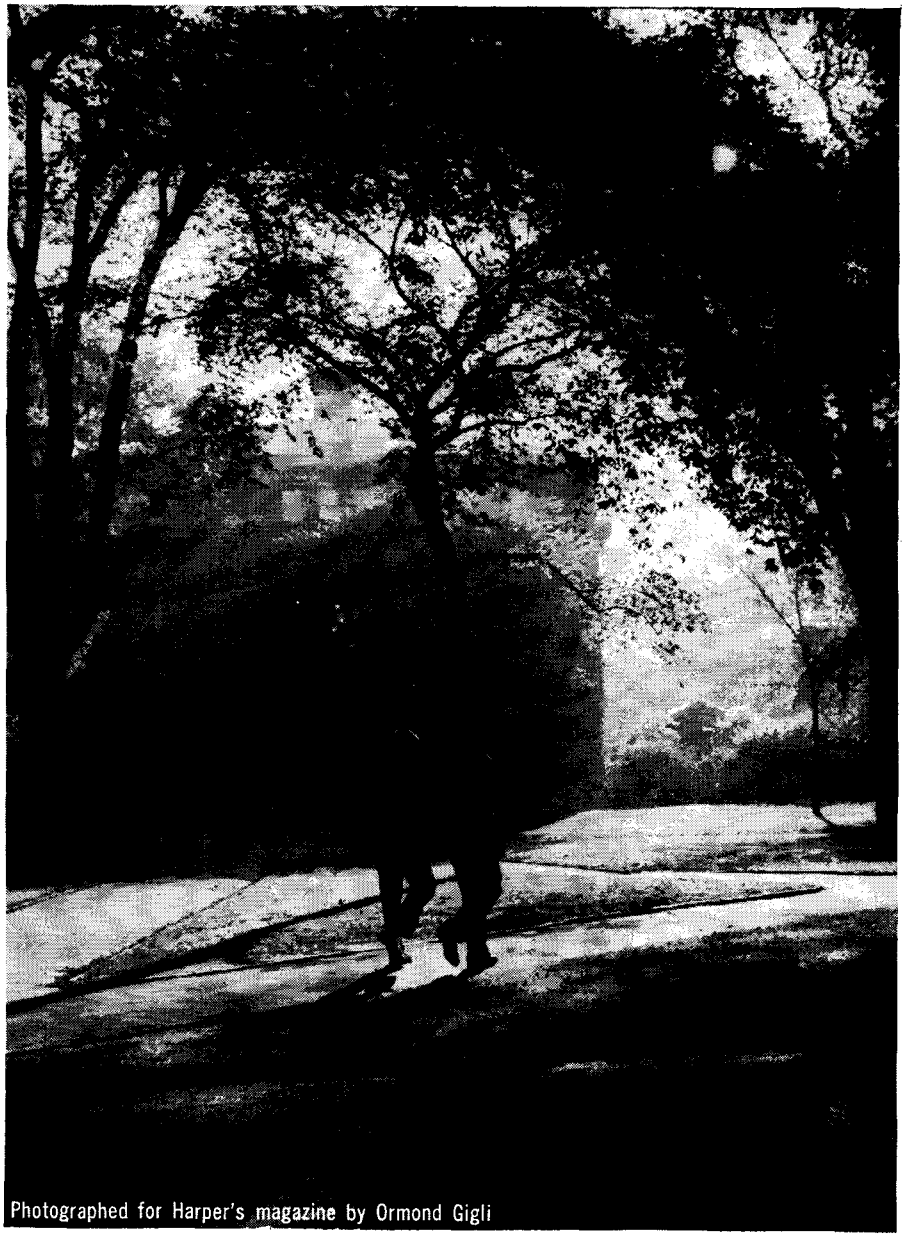

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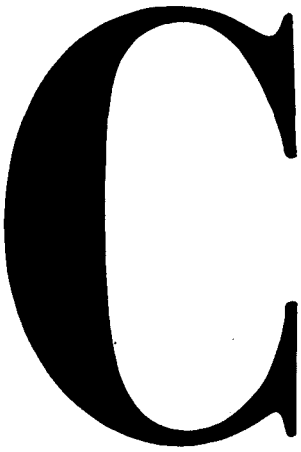

Among other things, C is a Roman numeral for 100; it is also a symbol, in *chemistry*, for carbon; in *music*, for the first tone or note in the scale of C major, or the third in the scale of A minor, for 4/4 time, or for contralto; in *physics*, for coulomb. In *mathematics*, it stands for constant.

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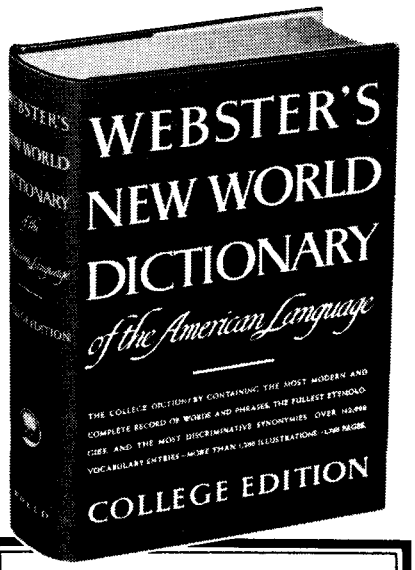

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to be the great age of what Henry James called the "blessed novella," but while it is a form that has the compressed action of a story, it must have the interest of a novel, which is character—and character is certainly not what contemporary fiction is strong in. Unlike so many American writers of short stories, for example, Leskov does not make you feel that his situation is ever "symbolic," that it could have happened to anybody. Anybody is exactly what *psychology* is about. Leskov says in one of his stories that while he has never doubted the wisdom of Hamlet's remark that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy, "what interested me most of all was what things happened to whom." It is this concern with the singular fact in the life of the unique person that makes the reader suddenly sit up. Leskov puts you back in a world where unexplainable facts happen to real people (or should it be real things happening to unexplainable people?). As V. S. Pritchett puts it here in one of his fine appreciations, with Leskov life is pursued to the end. All the psychological generalities that have been mustered to help you "place" some particularly difficult character fall down. You are adrift again on the mystery of human character—and it is character, the bottom and irreducible self, that is the mystery, not the "personality" with which we answer to the social demand on ourselves.

"In our part of the country you occasionally come across characters some of whom you can never remember without an inward shudder however many years may have passed since you first met them. Such a character was Katerina Lvovna Izmaylov, a merchant's wife, who some time ago . . ." That's the way to begin! Our merchant's young wife has no children, her husband is often away on business, and she is bored. So far, there is nothing remarkable about her; she's bored but perfectly respectable. But a young workman, Sergey, suddenly wins her over, and husband away, she takes him openly into the house to live with her. When her indignant father-in-law chastises him, the young man sardonically accepts punishment as his due. "Tell me where to go and you have your fun. Drink my blood." But Katerina puts Sergey into her husband's bed to recover and then mixes rat poison into the father-in-law's food. No one guesses that he has been murdered, and swiftly giving him good Christian burial (it's hot), the lovers cheerfully go back to bed. It is so hot that Katerina sleepily fondles a fat cat that has crept into bed with them—until she remembers that she does not own a cat. The creature keeps slipping through her fingers whenever she wants to hold him, and finally she goes into the garden to have tea. Despite the unconscious terrror that the cat represents, she enjoys the evening and possesses Sergey with the most direct delight. She is simply madly in love, and gaily reassures Sergey when he expresses occasional uneasiness about the husband's return. Even when the cat returns with the face and voice of her late father-in-law, followed by her husband, Katerina coolly listens to his reproaches and openly brings out Sergey to make love to him. Her husband strikes her, she seizes him from behind with her thin fingers and flings him on the floor "like a sheaf of damp hemp." The poor husband, who "had not expected such a quick ending," begs for a priest so that he can confess; Katerina whispers, "You'll be all right without it," and presses Sergey's hands tighter around the husband's throat to finish him off. Afterwards, to her dismay, a young relative turns up to claim the estate, and when he falls ill in her house, Katerina and Sergey choke him to death. But the murder is witnessed by townspeople, and the guilty pair are arrested, flogged, and sent off to Siberia. The most extraordinary scene is the last, for on their long dreary march, Sergey outrages Katerina by taking up with another girl, and as they are being ferried across the Volga, Katerina pushes the girl into the water and jumps in after her. The convicts throw a boat hook into the water, but Katerina "broke from another wave, emerging almost to the waist, and threw herself on Sonetka like a strong pike on a soft little perch, and neither appeared again."

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What no summary can indicate are the extraordinary transitions in the story. From the moment Katerina falls in love with Sergey, she is so passionate, obstinate, and resolute that she actually engages our admiration and even our sympathy. Yet despite her determination, the most curious things keep happening to her—the cat slips into her bed and the townspeople suddenly collect outside the house as the lovers are dispatching the young relative. This contrast between the curious forthrightness of her character and the way in which, as in a French boudoir farce, people keep interrupting and coming into the house at the wrong time, gives the story a facetiousness in horror, as when Katerina near the end "tried to remember a prayer, but her lips only whispered: 'How we used to make love together in the long autumn nights, and hurry people out of this world.' " You can see why the dramatic imagination of a composer would seize on this story as Alban Berg seized on Büchner's *Wozzeck*. The scene in which the last victim is strangled just in time for hundreds of hands to start knocking at all the windows reads as if the basic musical sounds were already there. (Maybe it was not Shostakovitch's "advanced" musical style so much as the knocking at *this* gate that enraged Stalin, who when it came to murdering his own family and friends was quite a Lady Macbeth himself.)

YET with all these marvelous stage effects in one short piece of fiction, Leskov does not "handle" and push effects in the manner of the contemporary short story. You feel that the author has taken hold of material that is already there, in the imagination of his country and his time, not that he has invented it in order to call attention to his own cleverness. And it is noteworthy that his language rests on intrinsic dramatic truth, not on the sophistication of his own style. The greatest touch in the story is probably the dying husband asking his wife for a priest and Katerina whispering back to him, "You'll be all right without it," just before she tightens the lover's stranglehold around the poor man's neck. But whenever Leskov introduces some comment of his

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own, you feel that he, too, has been terrified or moved by the story that has been given him to tell. One is not surprised, after reading some of Leskov's stories, to learn that he was brought up under Quaker influence in Russia, and that he became a Tolstoyan. He has the same straightforward humanity that you are always conscious of in Chekhov, and it does not relapse into sentimentality.

Leskov is indeed more of a fantastic and nonrealistic writer than Chekhov is, and at least two of the stories in this collection, "The Enchanted Wanderer" and "The Left-Handed Craftsman" (often translated as "The Steel Flea"), are both in form and content adaptations of the fairy tale. They read as if they had been written by a Hans Christian Andersen who wrote about adults alone, in an adult world that lends itself to the fairy tale only because in the adult world things never work out logically, though it is only adults who insist that they must. And in "The Sentry" you even have a political satire that manages to touch sardonically on all the ruling institutions of old Russia, from the army to the Church, without ever departing from the marionette look that characters often wear in a fairy tale. One of the Emperor's sentries, standing guard in sight of the Neva, is horrified to see a man struggling in the river. Torn between his soldierly duty and his concern, the sentry decides to "desert" his post, jumps in, saves the man, and hands him over for safekeeping to a passing officer. The officer takes the man to a police station and claims credit for saving the man's life (though his clothes are entirely dry). The sentry gets off with his life only because one of *his* officers would have his own career seriously jeopardized if the truth of the "desertion" got out, and gratefully accepts two hundred strokes of the birch. By saving a man's life, the sentry has seriously embarrassed the authorities, and soon there are so many rumors of the affair that everyone in power has something to say about it. The last word belongs to a bishop, who listens gravely to the true story and concludes that "For a soldier to suffer degradation and wounds for a heroic action may prove far more profitable than for him to become overbearing because of a mark of distinction. But what is most important in this matter is to take care never to mention anywhere what anyone said about it and on what occasion."

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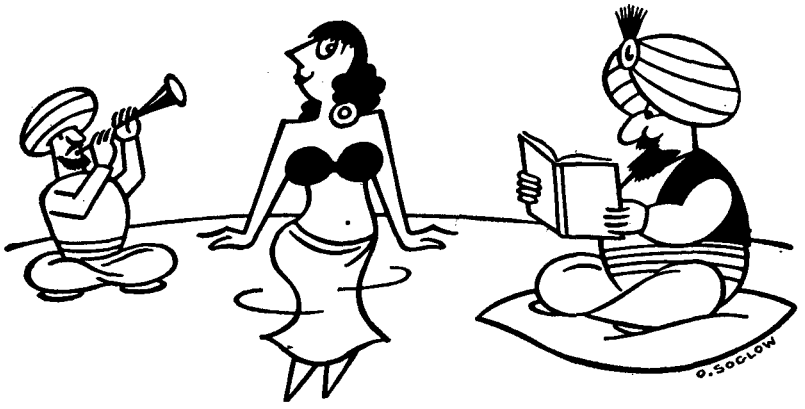

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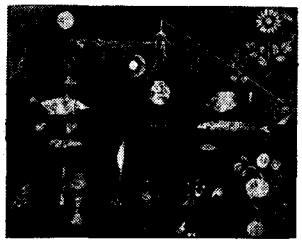

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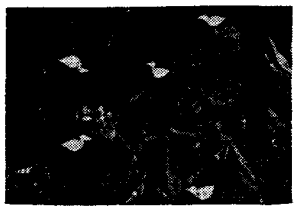

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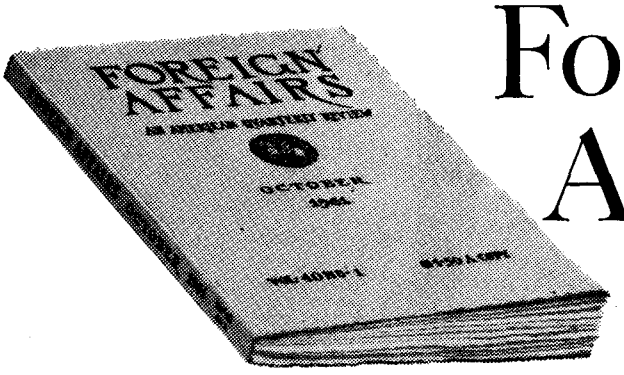

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noble austerity, before the Civil War. . . . But now it was the middle seventies, and the world was changing. Money had come into its own as the real test of merit. Streams of money. . . . The stupidest man in Hobart's class drove around in a shiny Victoria behind a team of spirited bays with tails docked fashionably." It was in college that Hobart learned that while austerity was out of fashion, "scholarship, *Forma mentis aeterna*—mind in its true form eternal," would never go out of fashion. He set forth in search of a way of living that would permit him to pursue his researches into the relationship between the collective mind of a civilization and its language.

For a time he worked as a salesman in a clothing store in San Francisco but, too successful, he had to flee a local Circe; he worked as a clerk in a lumber camp but fled when he found the lumberjacks were fed meat crawling with maggots; he panned gold. Everywhere he traveled he was honest, straightforward, and asked questions. He ended by returning to Nebraska, where he visited Indian tribes. The Indians had the answers he sought: he built an adobe house for himself, planted corn, bought horses. Suddenly one day, just when a rainstorm was coming, a young lady rode up to his house, astonishingly wearing pants; after a short conversation in which Dido and Aeneas were mentioned, and Hobart was informed that he has compromised the young lady by the mere fact that she has invaded his premises, Hilda and Hobart rode off to be married. "It was absurd, exasperating. To have one's plan of life upset, in such a casual way. But Hilda's air was so frank, so confiding."

The plan of life was not upset after all. Hilda and Hobart had children; Hobart wrote his book about languages; the two were as happy, to use their own words, as kings and queens. They were back in civilization, the true one. "It was a long way around," Hobart remarked, and Hilda replied, "A sweet way."

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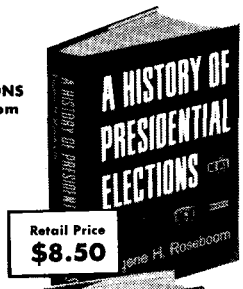

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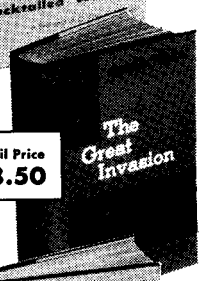

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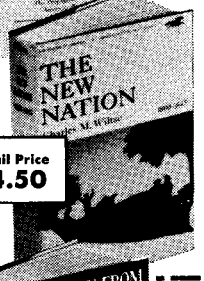

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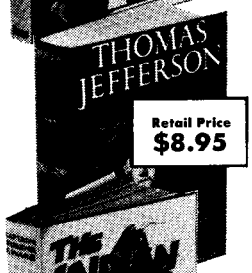

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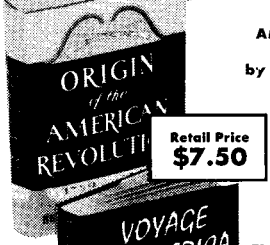

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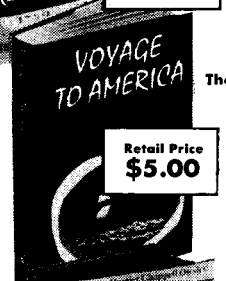

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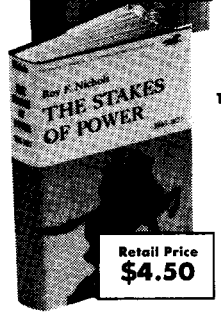

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